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PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA.

LORD SALISBURY, when he finds things going wrong, is possessed with a notion that there must be some way of putting them right; and, like many other able men, he thinks that the simplest and easiest way of putting wrong things right is to find an able man, and pay him for putting them right. He does not like the way in which public works are carried on in India, and his remedy is to put into the Council of the Governor-General some one who understands public works, and will, with the power, have the capacity to introduce a new and better system. Like many other departments of Government, the Department of Public Works in India has grown up as occasion arose, and in a form determined almost by hazard. In the time of Lord DALHOUSIE there was no such department at all—all works that had to be executed were in those days treated as a part of military engineering, and were done by the Military Department. But every year has brought a fresh accession of work to be got through, and responsibility to be incurred or evaded. Twenty years ago there were only twenty-one miles of railway in India; now there are 6,000. Nine millions sterling have been spent on irrigation; and, even before the present famine made it evident how much the food of the masses must depend on the distribution of water, projects for new irrigation works had been entertained which would have involved a further expenditure of eighteen millions; and now that the warning given by the famine has been taken to heart, the VICEROY has had under consideration a vast scheme which would cause an outlay of forty millions sterling. Then the 6,000 miles of railway are to be increased to 15,000, and only 3,000 miles of this excess are even laid out; thirty-six millions is to be the total expenditure, and about four millions is to be expended in the next four years. These are great projects, and will, no doubt, benefit India enormously in the long run. But, unfortunately, neither irrigation works nor railways pay in India. They pay something, but they do not, as a rule, pay anything like the interest of the capital expended on them. If such very large sums are to be spent without any prospect of immediate return, they ought, as every one will admit, to be most carefully spent. Every penny should be jealously watched, and the utmost pains should be taken to make accurate estimates beforehand, and to keep the outlay within the estimates. This is a matter of the very greatest importance. We are going to lay the burden of a very heavy taxation on India, in order to benefit India a little gradually, and very much, as we hope, hereafter. This is a proof of our foresight, energy, and greatness in the art of governing, which we offer to the natives of India as one of the justifications of our presence among them, and of our compelling them to change their old ideas and habits, and adopt ours. Most natives would probably prefer a cheaper and worse Government, less taxes, and less movement and bustle, with a greater risk of death or sickness. We do not allow them to have their own foolish way. We insist on improving their condition, and on making them pay for having it improved. If, as they began to understand the history of their country under English rule, it became clear to them that the money exacted by taxation, and spent for their supposed benefit, had been wastefully applied, and that they ought to have got their gain at a less cost, the moral effect, the feeling of attachment to our rule and honest admiration for it, will, it may be feared, be very much weaker than could be wished.

It is not, however, on any mere general principles of consideration for the natives of India that Lord SALISBURY

has determined to act. He thinks that he has facts of a very specific and definite kind, by which he may judge of the mischief which the existing slovenly and confused system has caused. He laid upon the table of the House of Lords returns showing the relation between the original estimates of the Department of Public Works and the actual expenditure during the last three years. These returns show that in no less than 300 cases the expenditure has exceeded the estimates; or, if we are to take the gross sums, nearly seven millions have been expended where only a little over four millions was contemplated in the estimates. Nor has Lord SALISBURY shrunk from descending from general remarks to very precise details, or from speaking his mind very freely as to the laxity with which the supervision of the Government has been exercised. A bridge called the Kenahan Bridge has been recently opened for traffic, and Lord SALISBURY was roused to wrath when he discovered that the Indian Government had merely expressed its satisfaction at this bridge having been completed, and that no notice had been taken of the very large sum by which the actual expenditure had been in excess of the estimates. "The history of this undertaking reflects little credit upon any of the officers concerned" in the opinion of Lord SALISBURY. So long ago as 1866, when Lord SALISBURY was in office as Lord CRANBORNE, an accident occurred by which over a million of rupees was lost on this very bridge. A new site was chosen, new estimates were made, and in the usual course of things the expenditure was double what the estimate came to. Now that the bridge is finished, it has cost more than the Indian Government is authorized to sanction for any one undertaking, and Lord SALISBURY complains especially that no report was sent to or required by the Government showing the causes of the increase of charge while the works were still in progress. This, however, is nothing. It is what follows that is important. Lord SALISBURY thinks that the Indian Government should do something to show its sense of the wrong that has been done. Some mark of its displeasure ought to be inflicted on those who are responsible for so great a mistake. Punishment is to be dealt out unsparingly to those public servants who have not done their duty better, and the Government of the VICEROY is rebuked for not having in the first instance seen that such punishment as was due was inflicted. This is, no doubt, a very strong censure, and shows how thoroughly zealous and earnest Lord SALISBURY is; but censure does not have very much effect unless it is supported by the opinion of those with whom the persons censured have to do; and we are not sure that the officials of the Public Works Department in India will think themselves so much to blame, or will be thought by the Anglo-Indian public so much to blame, as it seems clear to Lord SALISBURY's mind ought to be the case.

Lord SALISBURY obviously takes for granted that there is in every case an ascertainable maximum sum which works ought to cost, that public servants ought to find out what that sum is, and should be punished if they miscalculate. But this assumption is widely at variance with experience. There is always something unknown and unknowable about the cost of works, especially in such a country as India. Lord SALISBURY should study the history of the Holyhead Breakwater if he thinks that Government officials can be infallible, or the history of the Settle line if he thinks that one of the shrewdest Boards, with a set of the keenest professional men to help them, can always foresee the future. In India there are, as Lord LAWRENCE pointed out, constant risks of the wildest physical disturbances. Rivers suddenly

alter their channels, vast masses of detritus are rolled down, narrow places become broad, and broad places narrow. There is also a constant element of uncertainty in the variations of the rates of wages of the district. Supposing the work is let to a contractor, he allows himself a good margin for contingencies, and he is quite right to do so. It seems at first as if the Government must gain greatly by being its own contractor, but it only gains in the estimates. The public officials who make these estimates leave out the contractors' margin; but when the actual execution of the works commences, the necessity of the contractors' margin begins to show itself. The contractor wishes to keep himself safe, and the official wants to see the works taken in hand on his recommendation. But they pursue the same end by different means. There is always the margin to come in, whether it comes in at first or last. The only effect which Lord SALISBURY'S strictness would produce would be that officials, in order to avoid censure, would contemplate future works with the eyes of a contractor. They, like the contractor, would put on the margin in the first instance. They would allow for contingencies. They would add 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.* a mile to the estimates they made for railways. Then, if disaster occurred and wages went up, they would be all right; their estimates would be justified. They would seem wise and knowing men who had guessed exactly rightly. If they had luck on their side, if no disasters occurred, if labour was always available, and wages remained unchanged, they would plume themselves on having done the work more cheaply than was supposed possible; and would ask to be rewarded for the skill and science they had shown. Sometimes it would happen that one man made the estimates and another man carried out the works; and if the second official executed the works below the estimates of the first, he would gain a great amount of totally unmerited glory. To send an able engineer or contractor out to take his place in the Council would do some good. An able man, if he has tact and good sense, and wide experience, must do good in one way or another. But he would be himself under the same temptation as his subordinates. He must either sanction high estimates, or run the risk of being disgraced or recalled. Whether it is expedient to enlarge the Viceroy's Council is a different question. If the Council would then be unwieldy or difficult to manage to a degree that would cause the Viceroy serious embarrassment, this is an additional reason for not having recourse to the plan which Lord SALISBURY proposes; and it may be guessed, from what was said in the House of Lords, that both the VICEROY and the Indian Council in England see great practical inconveniences in the enlargement of the Viceroy's Council, or in the substitution of the Head of Public Works for one of the actual members of the Council. But, as Lord SALISBURY justly says, he is not bound to please or to be directed by the Viceroy or the Indian Council here. If the creation of an additional member of Council is the true means of seeing that India gets full value for the enormous expenditure on public works which is contemplated, the SECRETARY OF STATE must think of what is best for India, and nothing else; and he, having the ultimate responsibility, must make such changes in the system of administration as he considers indispensable. But it may be very advisable that Lord SALISBURY should consider in the first instance whether the appointment of any one to any post can get rid of the difficulty which is inherent in the plan of carrying out works by a Government—namely, that the officials charged to make estimates, if they find that low estimates falsified by the result are not regarded favourably, will simply make high estimates, and so provide against contingencies.

THE VOTE OF THE FIFTEENTH OF JUNE.

IF the National Assembly were an accurate representation of national feeling, the vote of Monday last would show that France is no nearer the end of her misfortunes than she was three years ago. A majority of four in favour of a particular form of government, reduced by subsequent corrections to a majority of one, proves nothing beyond the absolute incapacity of the body thus equally divided to establish any form of government. Taken by itself, therefore, the vote is the best possible justification of the conduct of the Right Centre. Where parties are exactly balanced there is nothing to be done except to wait

patiently until one or other of them has grown strong enough to constitute an effective force, and during this interval of patient waiting a provisional Government is the natural resource of moderate politicians. The situation in France is distinguished from this by the fact that the Assembly is believed, and believed with good reason, not to represent the country. At Versailles, Republicans and Royalists just counterbalance one another. Outside Versailles, the Royalists are probably a very small minority, while the Republicans command a large majority. At Versailles again there are only these two parties to be considered, for the Bonapartists are too few to influence the decision of the Chamber except by accident. But outside Versailles it is suspected that the Bonapartists are much more numerous, and that, so long as the present uncertainty continues, their strength will go on increasing. From these facts the Left Centre deduce that the Republic can be organized if it can secure a majority of even one vote in the Assembly, and that, if it is to serve as a genuine bulwark against an Imperial reaction, it must be organized without loss of time. The second of these conclusions is certain enough. Whatever else is doubtful, it is clear that delay in determining what the form of government shall be serves the purpose of the Bonapartists. It enables their agents to preach with continual reiteration that the Empire is the only Government which can command the second vote of all parties, and that for this reason it is admirably fitted for a country in which no two parties can agree to what Government to give their first vote. Royalists would rather live under the Empire than under a Republic. Republicans would rather live under a Monarchy consecrated by universal suffrage than under a Monarchy resting on Divine Right. Neither of them will ever consent to yield to the other; consequently the only hope for the country lies in the establishment of a Government to which both will yield. This, no doubt, is the substance of the Bonapartist preaching, and it is near enough to the truth to make it a very useful weapon in the hands of indefatigable and unscrupulous missionaries.

The other conclusion of the Left Centre is unfortunately not so unimpeachable. The Republic, they think, can be organized even by a majority of one vote, because as soon as that vote has been obtained, a dissolution will give the successful party all the strength it lacks. On the whole, this reasoning is perhaps sound, but there is still something to be said in behalf of those members of the Right Centre whom it has failed to convince. When the Left Centre speak of organizing the Republic, they mean organizing it in a Conservative sense. It is the Republic of M. THIERS that they have in view. But when the Republic is organized, it must govern, and govern through the agency of particular men, and for the realization of particular ideas. The Right Centre declare that, if they could be sure that these men and these ideas would be the men and the ideas of the Left Centre, they would acquiesce in the proclamation of the Republic, not indeed with enthusiasm, but still not without hope. But if the Republic is to be Conservative, it must be founded by the Conservative party, and the support of the Conservative party implies the support at least of the Moderate Right. If this is withheld—and it is certain that it will be withheld—the makers of the Republic will be the Left and the Left Centre, and in this coalition the Conservatives will only command about one-third of the entire vote. Does this offer any guarantee for the triumph of Conservative ideas? The fallacy of this argument, if there be a fallacy, lies in the assumption that the Conservative party in the country will show itself as impracticable as the Conservative party in the Assembly. If this should prove to be the case, the forebodings of the Right Centre would be fully borne out. An Assembly in which the Republican majority was composed of extreme and moderate politicians in the proportion of two-thirds to one-third would have little chance of organizing the Republic successfully. Extreme ideas would be proclaimed, extreme measures would be adopted, and in the end the Conservative sentiment of the country would be thoroughly alarmed, and the path of the Bonapartists to power would be made clear. But there is still hope that the result of a dissolution would be greatly to strengthen the moderate element in the Republican party. There was a time when this could almost have been counted on, because the personal popularity of M. THIERS would have secured the return of a majority as much pledged to give effect to his policy as the majority returned to the House of Commons in 1868 was pledged to give effect to Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy. The

disastrous alienation of the Right Centre from M. THIERS prevented the appeal to the country from being made at the proper moment, but even now there are many signs that the answer to such an appeal will be given in the exclusion of the great body of the Right and in the substitution of Moderate Republicans belonging to various sections of the Centre. If the Right Centre would frankly come over to the side of the Republic, this result would in all probability be assured. There is no evidence that the electors want anything beyond a thoroughly Conservative Republic, and provided that they were certain that the Conservative candidates had honestly accepted the Republic, the chances are that in the great majority of cases they would prefer them to more advanced Republicans.

The attitude of the Left seems decidedly to bear out this view. There is no disposition now to deny constituent powers to the existing Assembly, or to declare that they will not accept even a Republic from its hands. In part this is due to the steady, if irregular, development in M. GAMBETTA of a spirit of moderation and compromise which has hitherto been lamentably wanting to the Republican counsels. But this change in the temper of their leader would hardly have worked a corresponding change in the temper of his followers if they had not seen that a moderate Republic is now within their reach, while an extreme Republic is more than ever beyond their reach. In the days when they denied the competence of the Assembly to organize the Republic, they hoped that a dissolution would give them an Assembly more after their own heart. The general drift of the partial elections seems to have disabused them of this notion, and they are now willing to take such a Republic as they can get, and to take it from anybody who will give it. As yet it is doubtful what the Assembly will do when M. CASIMIR PÉRIER's resolution comes back from the Committee of Thirty. The report of the Committee will almost certainly be unfavourable to its adoption, and in that case the majority of last Monday will probably bring it forward as an amendment to the counter-resolution presented by the Committee. If they cannot succeed in winning over more votes from the Right Centre, the deadlock can only be legally ended by a dissolution. But then the consciousness of this may influence the Right Centre in the direction of concession. The victory of Monday could not have been won without the aid of a contingent from the Conservative side, and now that it is seen how hopeless the organization of the Septennate has become since the Left Centre have declared for the Republic, it is possible, to say the least, that a further contingent may follow the example of the first. That the Left Centre have not given up this hope is shown by the reiteration of their appeal to the Right Centre to make common cause with them. If the appeal was not without its fruit when the Republican party was in a minority in the Assembly, it may be yet more fruitful now that a minority has been changed into a nominal majority. The curious story told by the *Times*' Correspondent yesterday shows how impossible any reconciliation between the Right Centre and the Legitimists has been ever since October. The obstinacy which made the Count of CHAMBORD adhere to the White Flag after Marshal MACMAHON's declaration that, if the Tricolour were displaced, he "could answer neither for order in the streets nor for discipline in the army," as "the Chassepôts would go off of themselves," will equally prevent him from abdicating in favour of the Count of PARIS. Yet without this abdication the prospects, such as they are, of the Orleanist party cannot be realized till the Count of CHAMBORD's death, and he is of the order of men who live to a green old age. This consideration must tend to shake the resolution of the Right Centre to hold aloof from the Conservative Republicans, and if it has this effect on only a fraction of the party, a working majority will be secured in favour of the Left Centre policy.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE rapid decline in the value of railway stocks which commenced five or six months ago continues with accelerated speed. The traffic receipts first ceased to show the customary percentage of increase; in the course of the spring they became stationary; and of late they have fallen short of last year's returns. The inevitable result of the diminishing activity of trade had been foreseen; but hopes had been entertained that the fall in the price of coal and iron would in some degree compensate for

the reduction of receipts. There is now little doubt that the dividends for the first half of 1874 will be generally unsatisfactory. The majority of the Companies have been bound by contracts made during the prevalence of high prices; so that some time must elapse before they can profit by recent changes. The advanced wages of railway servants, and the increase in their numbers caused by reduced hours of working, form a permanent addition to working expenses. Nearly all the great Companies are at present burdened by a heavy charge for interest on unproductive capital. Many hundred miles of authorized lines are now in process of construction; and the cost of labour and materials has in almost all cases greatly advanced since the estimates were framed. The practice of paying interest out of ordinary revenue on capital expended on new lines is perhaps financially legitimate, although few private capitalists would be either able or willing to adopt the system. The Chairman of one considerable Company, who protested against the sacrifice imposed on actual shareholders for the sake of a future benefit, was compelled by threats of litigation to submit to the prevailing rule. Careful students of balance-sheets may satisfy themselves as to the engagements of different Companies, and as to the probability of an earlier or more remote return. Another drain on the resources of Railway Companies is caused by the constant necessity for expending large sums of money on the improvement of stations and of other accommodation for traffic, and on the increase of rolling-stock. In spite of recurring clamour, the capital account, far from being finally closed, is annually and necessarily reopened; and although the incessant outlay is prudently and almost necessarily incurred, it for the most part produces no immediate return. It is not an uncommon enterprise to lay down twenty miles of sidings in a single year, or in the course of five years to expend a million on waggons and engines.

Those who have invested their money in a commercial enterprise have no right to complain of the varying fortunes of trade. Some capitalists, large and small, seek for fixed interest with ample security for principal, while others are induced by circumstances or temperament to engage in more or less speculative enterprises. Ordinary shareholders, if they were uniformly reasonable and prudent, ought both to have left themselves a margin of income above their expenditure, and to endure with fortitude the periodical depressions which alternate with seasons of prosperity. They were seriously disappointed by the stationary or diminished dividends which resulted from the unprecedentedly large receipts of 1873, and they may perhaps not bear with uniform equanimity the still more unpleasant experience which awaits them; but, if they desired to exempt themselves from risk of fluctuation, they ought to have contented themselves with the moderate interest of Consols or mortgages on land. Until lately railway debenture stock might have been included in the list of safe and unambitious investments; but some measures which have lately been proposed by amateur legislators threaten the very existence of railway property. It is a cause for constantly recurring surprise that attacks on any special kind of property are for the most part resented and opposed only by the section of owners which happens to be immediately threatened with spoliation. Rich traders not unfrequently countenance projects for the partial or total plunder of landowners, who in their turn are sometimes ready to court a cheap popularity by tampering with the vast sums invested by all classes in joint-stock enterprise. Select Committees of the House of Lords have been known to overrule contracts in the supposed interest of the public; but for the most part the private legislation of Parliament is conducted with due regard to vested interests. Preachers of Socialism make the most of the precedent of legislative expropriation in support of their attacks on the right of ownership of lands or goods. If they could succeed in establishing the proposition that property is, except in a moral or figurative sense, held in trust, they would have no difficulty in deducing the conclusion that the community at large as *cestui que trust* has both the substantial interest in the fund and the right to modify for its own benefit the conditions of the trust.

Parliament, acting on behalf of the nation, had an undoubted right to determine the conditions on which capitalists should be invited or allowed to construct railways; but, when the money has been received and spent, it is an abuse of power to alter without compensation the terms of the contract. Mr. CARTER, formerly an eminent

railway solicitor, and, after his retirement from the profession, at one time member for Coventry, has accurately described in a published Letter to holders of shares and debentures the tendency of an Amendment moved in Committee on the Board of Trade Arbitrations Bill of the present year. The security of railway property had been in theory gravely impaired by the Railway Regulation Act of 1873, under which the hitherto abortive Railway Commission was created. The Joint Committee of both Houses had in the former year recommended the appointment of a tribunal for the more effective administration of the provisions of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1854. By the Act of 1854 every Company whose line formed a part of a continuous railway communication was bound to afford due and reasonable facilities for receiving and forwarding the traffic. The Act of 1873 for the first time extended the meaning of the technical phrase "facilities" to include through rates to be allowed at the request of any other Railway or Canal Company. The clause, if it had been operative, would have placed at the discretion of the Commissioners the entire revenue of every Railway Company in the kingdom; and probably the officers of the Board of Trade who framed the provision believed that they had induced Parliament almost unconsciously to repeal the schedules of rates which form an essential part of every Act which has authorized the construction of a railway. The Joint Committee had expressly reported that the proposed tribunal could not revise the authorized rates and charges of the Companies unless it were "invested with absolute and arbitrary powers, which is out of the question." In the following year the Government of the day gave the Commissioners the very powers against which the Joint Committee had protested, without even provoking Parliamentary opposition. The determination of the amount of a through rate without reference to the Parliamentary tariff is equivalent to a repeal of all existing tariffs. The only limit on the discretion of the Commissioners is that they are not "to compel any Company to accept lower mileage rates than the mileage rates which such Company may for the time being legally be charging for like traffic carried by a like mode of transit on any other line of communication between the same points." The provision, when translated into English, means that, on a route compounded of the lines of two Companies, the rates shall be the same as on a competing line owned by one of the two Companies. In cases where there is no competing line, the Companies are apparently left without protection.

The inaction of the representatives of the railway interest in the House of Commons can only be explained by their injudicious reliance on their own special knowledge as contrasted with the ignorance of their official and legislative assailants. The newfangled tribunal could, for the purpose of affecting railway property by granting through rates, only be set in motion by the Companies against one another; and experienced administrators justly foresaw that no Company would be inclined, for the purpose of obtaining immediate advantage, to facilitate the general depreciation of railway property. The consequence has been that the clause relating to through rates has been a dead letter; and indeed the Commissioners in the course of eight or nine months have scarcely been called upon to decide as many cases of any description. Nevertheless it is but a short-sighted policy to permit the establishment of a mischievous principle on the ground that its operation will be baffled by practical difficulties. In the present Session Mr. WAIT moved that through rates to be fixed by the Commissioners should be granted on the application of any ten persons who might be interested or aggrieved. Freighters, as such, have no motive beyond their general interest in the security of property for regarding the rights guaranteed by Parliament to railway shareholders or creditors. If a Company which has a legal right to levy a shilling or two on a certain kind of traffic can be compelled to carry it for a penny, the traders profit at the expense of railway proprietors as obviously and as unjustly as the disciples of ODGER and BRADLAUGH would profit by the division of the land, or by the transfer of manufacturing capital from the owner to the workman. As Mr. CARTER remarks, "It is not too much to say that no part whatever of the 600 millions actually laid out would have been spent in railways on such conditions." Mr. WAIT and his supporters can only reply that the money has luckily been spent, and that it will be so much the better for freighters if they can transfer the proceeds to their own pockets; yet they forget that a Company, although it

may be prohibited from charging remunerative rates, can scarcely be compelled to provide a quick and regular service. The amendment was rejected by a large majority, but it will undoubtedly be renewed; nor can a Government, especially when it calls itself Conservative, be trusted to forego an opportunity of purchasing political support at the cost of any section of the community which it may regard as comparatively helpless. Except under the government of statesmen of sufficient intellectual range to secure their honesty, legislation perpetually illustrates the parable of the unjust steward. The lease, or in this case the Parliamentary schedule, has given the Company a rate of 100 pence; but a Minister or a patriot in quest of popularity tells the freighter to take his Bill quickly, and write down 80 or 50 or 20 pence, or finally, whatever an irresponsible Commissioner may think fit to award. The tenant or freighter reaps the immediate gain; but it is fully expected that he will not forget his disinterested benefactor. The landlord cannot deny that he has received full warning that he had better look himself to his rent roll and his receipt-book.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE American House of Representatives lately passed Mr. SUMNER's Civil Rights Bill, which will probably be rejected by the Senate. It is surprising that such a measure was not adopted soon after the close of the war; and it is still more strange that it should be now introduced, unless it is intended as a tribute to the memory of Mr. SUMNER. The Bill purports to extend the legal equality of the white and coloured races into all departments of social life which can be reached by legislation. If it becomes law, coloured men will be entitled to admission into the churches, railway carriages, omnibuses, and rooms in hotels which are now exclusively occupied by whites. A more important and more plausible enactment opens public schools on the same conditions to children of all colours. It is also provided that throughout the Union negroes shall be eligible to sit on juries; nor could Mr. SUMNER have regarded as an objection to his proposal the fact that coloured jurymen in some of the Southern States have habitually perpetrated monstrous injustice. It is for the people of the United States to judge how far they will endure the meddling legislation from which no community has hitherto been more happily exempt. If the white population decline to frequent churches or theatres which are frequented by negroes, no law can overcome their repugnance; and it is highly probable that the tendency to social persecution would be stimulated by legislative attempts to enforce toleration and equality. It was natural in former times that the missionaries of emancipation should endeavour to redress the balance between the races by strenuous denials of the distinctions which were artificially exaggerated by the institution of slavery and by its consequences. After the war the philanthropic partisans of equality were reinforced by the politicians who regarded the slaveholders as rebels and enemies, and the freedmen as allies. The amendment of the Constitution by which the States were prohibited from founding political distinctions on differences of colour was suggested both by the sentiment of which Mr. SUMNER was the chief exponent, and by the supposed expediency of giving electoral power to trustworthy supporters of the Union. The legislation of the time was largely affected by passion and resentment, and the results have been in many respects unsatisfactory. The lapse of years has greatly modified both the popular feeling against the Confederates, and the enthusiasm which was once entertained for the victims of Southern oppression. The Civil Rights Bill is probably the expiring flash of an obsolete form of philanthropy.

It may be doubted whether the Republican party will gain anything by the sudden revival of its zeal for the rights of the negro. The majority has often shown signs of dissolution, but the coloured voters, whether in the North or in the South, are not likely to adopt democratic politics. A bribe is wasted on a faithful adherent, and the Civil Rights Bill will alienate more support than it will secure. The staunchest Republicans will neither accept social equality with the coloured population nor allow their children to frequent schools which are open to negroes. The feeling of repugnance has in some parts of the United States been modified by political causes, but the feeling or prejudice of colour, though it may have been aggravated by the existence of slavery, is also sustained by a natural

distinction of superiority. Freedmen unfortunately cannot be absorbed, like their European predecessors in ancient times, into the general body of the community. The mere taint of servitude might be speedily effaced if the descendants of slaves were not indelibly marked by the hand of nature. The very provisions of Mr. SUMNER'S Bill indicate the impossibility that it should effect its object. There would be no room for legislation if the general feeling were not opposed to factitious equality. Mr. SUMNER and those who share his opinions had persuaded themselves that all the distinctions of race were arbitrary and superficial. The success of their experiment, even if it were sanctioned by the Legislature, would depend on the soundness of their fundamental assumption. The exclusion of the negro from social intercourse with the dominant race is scarcely due to aristocratic selfishness, for those who are lowest in rank entertain the strongest prejudice against coloured people. The Irish are the most implacable enemies of the negroes, partly because they object to competition for labour, and in some degree through an instinctive antipathy which they are not sufficiently sophisticated to conceal or to control. No legislation will make an Irishman treat a negro as a comrade. It is true that legislation often influences public opinion, but only on the condition of not directly opposing it. An artificial channel may regulate and divert the current of popular feeling, but it will scarcely cause it to flow in an opposite direction.

There is much difficulty in ascertaining the result of the political equality which was several years ago conceded to the negroes. In the Northern States the coloured citizens are too weak in numbers and influence to produce any perceptible effect on the course of politics. The Southern freedmen have shown universal eagerness to exercise their new privileges; and in some States they have for the time acquired undisputed supremacy. In default of political experience, they have accepted the leadership of Northern adventurers who, under the cant name of "carpet-baggers," are more odious to the white population than the upstarts who were lately their slaves. The more inveterate Northern philanthropists have the malignant satisfaction of witnessing the ruin of South Carolina, which was the first State to commence the unfortunate secession. At the end of the war the State contained about three hundred thousand whites and three hundred and fifty thousand negroes; so that the amendment of the Federal Constitution conferred on the inferior race the control of the representation. Moderate Republicans assert that, by the exercise of tact and good humour, the whites with their superior faculty of organization might have maintained political ascendancy without opposition from the newly enfranchised electors. Perhaps it was found difficult after defeat and economic ruin to preserve perfect equanimity; and it is at least uncertain whether the negroes would not in any circumstances have preferred the large promises of Northern demagogues to the influence of their former masters. The control of the State passed absolutely into the hands of the freedmen and their leaders, and the result has been almost unprecedented corruption and oppression. A large part of the white population has migrated to Texas; and, unless a political reaction occurs, a State once among the proudest in the Union will rapidly drift into the condition of a South American Republic. In other States, where the negroes have not acquired absolute supremacy, rival factions have contended for their favour; and in some instances they have appealed to the Federal Government for support. The riotous proceedings in Louisiana and Arkansas were described with pardonable exaggeration as civil wars. The few English travellers who have lately visited the South are generally impressed with belief in a feeling of disaffection, which appears to them as bitter as that of Ireland or of Poland. On the other hand, sanguine Americans allege that the existing anarchy is transient, and that the defeated Confederates have already been in a great measure reconciled to their defeat and to its consequences. The strongest argument in favour of this opinion is to be found in the revival of the cotton cultivation, which now produces as much as on the eve of the Civil War. Labourers who grow crops worth many millions of money cannot at the same time be exclusively occupied with the practices of misgovernment.

The experiment of negro supremacy or equality will probably be interrupted before it has been exhaustively tried. It is only under the patronage of the Republican majority and the Federal Government that the superior race has

been temporarily depressed. Even in South Carolina the white minority is probably strong enough to assert itself, if it had to deal with the dominant coloured population alone. The legislation which provided for political equality established an unstable equilibrium, or unnatural condition; but the main error consisted in provoking inevitable reaction. Sooner or later some political party will form an alliance with the Southern whites, on the basis of restoring the power of which they have been lately deprived. There will be no difficulty in discovering plausible reasons for the formal or practical disfranchisement of constituencies which have proved themselves grossly corrupt and incompetent. The Civil Rights Bill, if it should, contrary to expectation, pass into a law, will furnish additional arguments for a return to a more natural condition of society. The compulsory admission of coloured children to all public schools will inevitably cause the withdrawal of the children of the white citizens, who will then complain that they are deprived of the ordinary facilities for education. It is asserted that a destructive overflow of the Mississippi has been caused by the embezzlement by negro politicians of the funds appropriated to the maintenance of the river banks. The Governor of South Carolina, having been indicted for fraud, lately called out the coloured militia to prevent his arrest. The Legislature of the State, in which the taxpayers are not represented, has caused the forfeiture of numerous landed estates for non-payment of taxes. The inevitable retribution will probably be attended with much injustice and oppression. Even in America legislators are bound to attend to facts, and to understand something of human nature.

M. ROCHEFORT.

THE last new arrival on our hospitable shores is the once famous M. ROCHEFORT, and as it is our wish to say something civil to every guest, and it is difficult to think of anything else on which to congratulate him, we may wish him joy of the remarkable improvement which appears to have taken place in his health. While it was still uncertain whether he would be really sent into exile he was exceedingly ill, and his friends or partisans loudly asserted that it was simple murder to send so frail a being to New Caledonia. But change of air seems to have done him much good, and exile itself must have been as bearable to him as exile in New Caledonia can be to any one. He was treated in what is technically called the style of a first-class misdemeanant, and was allowed to walk and swim until at last he walked and swam away altogether. The news of his escape excited a momentary interest at Paris, for it seemed hardly worth while to send a condemned politician to the other end of the globe if he could get back again so easily. Passing through the United States, where the *New York Herald* opened its facile columns to his vituperative pen, he at last made his way to Ireland, and appeared in that well-known Fenian stronghold, the city of Cork. But the people of Cork feel that they must draw the line somewhere. It is all very well to talk in a playful manner about hated and despotic Governments, and to call attention to the flame of liberty that burns in every true Irish heart; but when it comes to welcoming a man whose associates have made themselves notorious by acts of pillage and murder, and by admiring those impulses of freedom which end in the assassination of an Archbishop, Fenianism thinks twice before committing itself. Accordingly M. ROCHEFORT, the great ROCHEFORT, the hero of the *Lanterne*, the foe of the Empire, the terror of a despot, was actually hissed at Cork, and had in dismay to seek the safe shelter of his cabin. After his Irish experience, he must be very glad to find himself in England, where no one will hiss him, or notice him, or care a button whether he is dead or alive. Fortunately for him, he comes just in time to notice and observe the astonishing improvement that has taken place in Leicester Square, and he will find in that one dismal quarter a place where he may sit down comfortably among flowers, and fountains, and statues. It will be a sort of counterfeit of his beloved Paris for him, and he will be able to enjoy as much as he pleases the grim thought what a very short time it would take his friends the Communists, if they had a chance, to reduce the square once more to its ancient state of chaos. In old days, when he was at the top of his celebrity, he had to flee from Imperial wrath to Brussels, and being unwilling that Frenchmen should be deprived of the pleasure of reading new numbers of his *Lan-*

terne, he is said to have ingeniously sent a reasonable quantity of copies of as cutting a number as he could write across the French frontier inside plaster of Paris busts. He is perfectly welcome to try the experiment again, and there are so many plaster of Paris shops handy to a man frequenting Leicester Square, that he can have no difficulty in ascertaining practically whether a consignment of busts stuffed with cutting invectives against the Government of Marshal MACMAHON can be smuggled through the Calais Custom House. There is not the slightest use in his publishing anything of the sort in England. He must write in French, and the few Englishmen who could understand what he meant would know too much about him to care what he said; and as to the French in England, every French refugee is of his own special shade of political opinion, and has a natural and profound contempt for all other refugees. But if he could but fill a few busts, let us say of BOSSUET or FÉNELON, or the present Bishop of ORLEANS, with a decent amount of copies of a very violent and irritating pamphlet, and could ensure their reaching Paris, he might live to dream a bright dream, and, as he moved about Leicester Square, might say proudly to himself that after all he was once more mischievous.

The French Government would be bound to stop his busts getting through, if their officials were not taken in by the venerable and innocent features of the ecclesiastics in whose interior so alien a freight was reposing. If a pamphlet from his pen were to reach Paris, and be reprinted there, it would be instantly suppressed. Proceedings have actually been taken against two French newspapers which have reprinted M. ROCHEFORT's effusions in the *New York Herald*. The Government cannot in such a case help itself. It would be immediately accused of complicity, of having a sneaking tenderness for ROCHEFORT, of all people in the world, if it let him have his say. But if it could have a free choice, it probably could not do anything so disastrous to him as to let him write and publish whatever he pleased. He would find his public in a very inappreciative mood. The French, and especially the Parisians, may not know exactly what they wish for, or what political opinions ought to prevail, but they are perfectly clear about one thing, and that is, that they do not like the Commune. As to other people there may be doubts. This may be said for them, and that may be said against them. But as to the Communists, there is no doubt about them at all. During the greater part of the brief term when the Commune ruled in Paris, the ordinary Parisian had no very strong feeling against his strange rulers. There was something flattering to his vanity in the notion that Paris was holding out against France, and after his experience of the Prussian siege, a siege during which there was always plenty to eat seemed a mild form of calamity. When the Government troops entered, there was a state of perhaps necessary confusion, there was much barbarity shown, and many innocent persons were sacrificed to the thirst for vengeance. There was thus awakened a feeling of pity for the Communists and of irritation against the Government, which for the moment did much to check the indignation with which the conflagration of the public buildings would have filled the decent part of the Paris population. But now that time has rolled on, the details of the history of the Commune and of its suppression are forgotten; but a perpetual testimony to its criminal folly is brought every day before the eyes of Paris in the dismal ruins and gaunt shells of what once were buildings that made Paris proud. France, too, as well as Paris, has to bear fresh taxation in order that the burnt buildings may be restored, and grumblers who once used to read the productions of M. ROCHEFORT with lively satisfaction would now only be reminded by a new effusion from his pen of the dreadful amount which he and his friends have cost them. It is true that M. ROCHEFORT was only a Communist of the feeble and more innocent type. He did not want to have anything to do with petroleum and the shooting of hostages, and he had been at one time a member of the Government of the Fourth of September. But everything that can be said on this head for M. ROCHEFORT only makes him a little nearer M. GAMBETTA; and perhaps, of all persons in France, it would be M. GAMBETTA who would be most annoyed and most injured if the Government now allowed M. ROCHEFORT to write and publish what he pleased. "Let us welcome nobles into our party," M. GAMBETTA lately said to his political friends; and M. ROCHEFORT, if he could again obtrude himself on the attention of Paris,

would be a most inconvenient illustration of the sort of nobleman whom the Republican party has hitherto welcomed, and who has sought to gain his own ends in the way of notoriety and popularity by joining their ranks. M. GAMBETTA, we may be sure, will be the first to wish from the bottom of his heart that M. ROCHEFORT may be so pleased with Leicester Square in its transformed state as to be content to stay there.

It is often assumed that the French have not been at all changed by the war—that France is what France was five years ago, and that the progress of Imperialism is a striking proof of this. In some ways this is true. The daily habits, the intimate ideas, of a people are not to be changed in a hurry. The war has not given any impulse to French thought. There is a falling off in France in all intellectual things, in literature, in art, in the drama. The young men are rising to take the place of the old. All the officials have been bred up in the ways of Napoleonism, and France is the slave of its officials. But a good many political lessons have been learnt and have been taken deeply to heart. The Commune showed once for all in a most unmistakable way what comes of listening to such writers as M. ROCHEFORT, and of letting a set of ignorant, narrow-minded, cruel fanatics get the upper hand of society for a moment. The history of the Government of the Fourth of September has demonstrated how impossible it is for men, even when reasonably honest and able, to administer affairs on a great scale without any previous training or any practical knowledge of the art of government. The collapse of the Legitimists has brought home to the French mind that the remedy for the national misfortune so long and persistently preached by a clique of the highest social position is no remedy at all, and that there is no shelter for France under the wings of a Heavensent King and an Infallible Church. If something could be established more respectable than the Empire, the bulk of Frenchmen would like it to be established. If nothing better is to be had, then perhaps the Empire must be accepted. But there is nothing like enthusiasm for the Empire, no belief in any Saviour of Society, not a grain of confidence in Napoleonic ideas, no illusion, no desire for mysterious utterances at banquets, no thirsting for the excitement of possible European convulsions. If the Empire is restored, it will only be accepted as a tired traveller accepts a place in a third-class carriage rather than not go on by the train at all. What could M. ROCHEFORT say to his countrymen when they are in such a mood? He could swear by all his gods that the seats of a third-class carriage are hard, that babies cry, that oranges and gin leave an unpleasant smell. The poor travellers know all this perfectly well. They have no romance about them for M. ROCHEFORT to destroy, no hopes of splendour and comfort for him to dispel. If he was abusive, they would quite agree with him, but they would not imagine that the author of the abusive language could do them any good. Formerly, when he attacked the Empire in its days of glory and seeming solidity, he was attacking something substantial on which he could make an impression. There is nothing now for him to attack on which he could make any impression. How, for example, could any one attack the present French Ministry? It is impossible to slap a pound of butter in the face. Violence and abuse meet with no success at all unless that against which they are directed inspires terror or affection. M. ROCHEFORT has come back, but he has come back at the wrong time. He has no longer any place in the work of French politics. Leicester Square is, we may humbly hope, more attractive and salubrious than New Caledonia, but this change for the better is the chief improvement in his position that M. ROCHEFORT has secured by his heroic escape.

THE ARCHBISHOPS THROUGH COMMITTEE.

THE ARCHBISHOPS have at last carried their Bill through Committee, although, after the bad precedent of other important measures, it has been professedly left to the Report to bring it into what its authors consider working order. As we anticipated, the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH had to withdraw his "neutralization" clause, in face not only of those who did not love it well enough, but of those who loved it so much too well as to welcome an unexpectedly convenient leverage for a general Church revolution. In closing with *wisser* counsels the Bishop, we think,

would have acted more judiciously if he had not endeavoured to cover his retreat by the imputation that the portion of the clergy whom he was supposed to favour were as willing to take toleration for themselves as they were unwilling to give any in return. No doubt, this one-sided liberality is a common failing of universal humanity. But the Bishop had no right to refer to the ill-luck of his own proposal as an example, for the objections with which he was met were as to the expediency of an arrangement which, as he himself showed, was designedly narrow and incomplete, while it left those whom it indulged under an abiding stigma of lawlessness. His critics have had no opportunity of stating what they are really ready to concede, and if the Bishop had succeeded in carrying his clause, they would certainly have been told that the question was foreclosed.

We have already so fully explained the successive transmutations which the Bill has undergone under the fostering care of Lord SHAFTESBURY, that we hardly think it necessary to repeat the story. On one point, however, so far as the expressions of its promoters mean anything, no change seems to have been made in its scope. In its first shape, as the ARCHBISHOPS very plainly said, it was, under pretext of a measure for regulating Divine worship, in reality a Bill for stamping out what it suited the prelate to call Ritualism. As Lord SHAFTESBURY's changes have been accepted, and nothing more has been said upon Ritualism, it is reasonable to conclude that the Primates are satisfied that their new instrument will not be inferior for its appointed work to the one which they have been compelled to discard. So the policy of the measure as a piece of intended anti-ritualistic legislation remains unchanged. On this we have only to remark that it used to be an axiom of law-making that, when you enacted your punishment, you were bound to define your crime. But whenever an appeal has been made to the ARCHBISHOPS to justify the urgency with which they demand their Bill by explaining the offence which they desire to remove, they only answer by demanding that what they call their discretion, and what bystanders might be tempted to say was their autocracy, should be made absolute. We will do what the ARCHBISHOPS have been unable and unwilling to do, and plainly state what the Ritualistic grievance is; and in so doing we shall, for the sake of accuracy, borrow the words of Dr. PUSEY, who read an elaborate paper on the subject of the ARCHBISHOPS' Bill at the late meeting in St. James's Hall. There has, in his judgment, been "a good deal of "unadvised language" on the part of Ritualists. He goes to the root of almost all the existing trouble in taking the position that, "what is revived should not be revived as "matter of private judgment." The force of habit in older worshippers "has not been enough thought of. "To one habituated to simpler devotion, an elaborate "ritual is something displeasing and abstracting—a "sight which he gazes on, but in which his soul "takes no part." There may, of course, be reasonably an argument on what constitutes elaborate ritual, for that which would be elaborate in an unæsthetic age becomes comparatively simple in one which has taken up the cultivation of the arts. But the fact remains that confessed errors of judgment have been committed in matters as to the regulation of which the Bishops are primarily responsible. If the Bishops had accordingly undertaken the correction of ceremonial excesses in a judicial spirit, they might have secured the willing co-operation of many who are most resolutely opposed to their actual legislation. They preferred to act vindictively, and, as men commonly do who shape their policy in that spirit, they both forgot history and overlooked human nature. The practices against which they begged Parliament to arm them with exceptional powers were no isolated and well-marked system in direct antagonism to the law and the practice of the Church of England, but only a rank but rare efflorescence, in a number of places which would hardly fill a side of note-paper, of a development which has been going on in that Church during all the time of the living generation, as part of that general awakening of the Church of England to which, to do them justice, the Bishops have, with few exceptions, given more or less encouragement. If the Bench generally could, like the Bishop of DURHAM, plead that they had ever encouraged man or thing within the Church of England that was not of the strictest Evangelical type, they could with blameless consistency ruin that Church by raising a "mad-dog" cry against an undefined

Ritualism. But they know two things—first, that the Ritualism which caused the outcry is of such rare occurrence as to make general legislation, with a special view to its extirpation, both needless and immoral; and, secondly, that in silently allowing—as with very few exceptions they have done—the Metropolitans to raise that cry, they are sacrificing good works and pious practices which they have hitherto tolerated or encouraged, and for which therefore they have contracted a responsibility which they cannot throw off at will.

The Vicar who is pulled up for wisely or unwisely assuming the vestments which the first Reformed Prayer-Book seems to authorize him to wear cannot help drawing his own conclusions when he sees his Bishop carrying that pastoral staff which belongs to his office by the same document. The Churchwarden who heard the Archbishop of CANTERBURY base the necessity of the Bill upon the Bishop of DURHAM's persecution of a clergyman for merely standing before the table, and who was afterwards present when the LORD CHANCELLOR characterized the judgment on which that prelate relied as difficult to be reconciled by "any layman or perhaps any lawyer" with a previous one of which he had himself been author, and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH follow suit by an attempt to get rid of the judgment altogether by a side wind, might well inquire what had become of the calm and charitable fairness which ought to stamp the office of spiritual fatherhood. Such an episode as the same Primate forbidding a cross because it was moveable and stood upon a stone ledge over the communion table, after the Privy Council in 1857 and 1860 had especially decided that a similar cross under similar circumstances was legal—because moveable and disconnected with the table—at least showed that the most exalted memories might trip. It is not, on a broad view of the case, too much to say that the only honourable retreat now open to the ARCHBISHOPS is to rest content with their apparent victory in their own House, and not risk their barque on the cross billows of the Commons. The fact that they have contrived by their policy to alarm and irritate one of the great parties in the Church—including the very men who would under other circumstances have worked more effectively than they can ever hope to do to keep ritual excess within bounds while it is still manageable—without having really gained the confidence of the other side, is sufficient condemnation of their course. The Church by the most authoritative voice which it possesses has recommended the very reasonable plan of reforming and simplifying the old and recognized Church Courts, which there would be as much time to effect in 1875 as there is no time in 1874. The Ritualists, as shown by the address which Dr. PUSEY delivered to them and in their name, confess, and are ready to amend, their mistakes; and moderate men who never sided with those Ritualists claim a liberal concordat which should leave them all that they could reasonably expect, with a similar indulgence towards other parties and simpler tastes. A general feeling has grown up for the reconsideration, according to existing circumstances, of ceremonial prescriptions stamped with the characteristics of a very different state of society. Some of the very matters most keenly in dispute are again before the Courts of Ecclesiastical Appeal, with the prospect of being considered under a higher sense of responsibility and a deeper appreciation of their importance than that which characterized some former trials. The only obstacle in the way is this one inconsistent, hasty, patched, and irritating Bill, which, if it ever reaches the House of Commons, can never hope to secure the time and consideration which the importance of its objects demands. It would be obstinacy, not statesmanship, to force it on.

THE SCOTCH AND IRISH PEERAGES.

IT may be hoped that the Committee on the election of Scotch and Irish peers may succeed in discovering some mode of correcting a flagrant anomaly. When the Union with Scotland was established, it had perhaps not been foreseen that the representative peers would all belong to the same party. Any elective system, large or small, which is founded on the votes of a single constituency must necessarily fail to effect its proper objects. In France the election of a long list of members by a single department places the whole representation at the disposal of the local majority. No member can be elected for Paris unless he

professes extreme Republican opinions, although it is probable that moderate candidates might find favour with special wards or districts. The Scotch peers, having each a single vote, naturally return exclusively those who share their opinions; and the majority prevails. When the Irish Union was in preparation, the English Minister probably thought that it would be for his advantage to secure the return of docile peers. The majority has not always even troubled itself to select the representative peers for Ireland or for Scotland. For many years the elected peers were appointed by the Duke of WELLINGTON, and afterwards by Lord DERBY. The Conservative leaders were probably as competent to make a choice as the electors; but the absurdity of giving to a single Englishman the power of returning all the representatives of Scotland and Ireland could never have been contemplated by the framers of either Union. A Liberal Scotch peer is the only male inhabitant of Great Britain who can justly complain that he is permanently disfranchised. Even a Conservative Birmingham ratepayer may hope that the turn of his party will come; but the Irish and Scotch peers will never abandon their Conservative principles. Lord ROSEBERRY may perhaps induce his Committee to recommend one of the numerous methods of representation which have been devised in modern times for the protection of minorities; and it would not be difficult to obtain the assent of the House of Lords to some plan of the kind. The risk of transferring the control of the House to the Liberal party is too remote to be worth considering. The numerous creations of late years are not unequally balanced, and as the Liberal measures which still remain assume a more extreme character, an aristocratic assembly becomes less and less favourable to innovation. The younger successors to the peerage who represent the most powerful Whig families are continually swelling the ranks of those whom their fathers opposed. The Conservative party could bear with equanimity a larger infusion of Liberalism than any which is likely to result from a change in the machinery of Scotch and Irish representation. The descendants of PITT's Irish peers, some of whom belong to purely English families, hold with few exceptions the political opinions which were rewarded in the persons of their ancestors. Those among them who belong to Ireland resent the alliance which the Liberal party has ever maintained, notwithstanding some interruptions, with the priests and the agitators. The Scotch peers again are necessarily heads of old families, who will rarely be inclined to popular or democratic opinions. A reform in the mode of electing representative peers in both countries would be extremely easy, and it would have no practical effect in altering the balance of parties.

The only reason which could have induced the Duke of RICHMOND to refuse his assent to Lord INCHQUIN's motion must have been the conventional and useful hesitation of every Government to pledge itself hastily to any proposed innovation. It is possible that there may be formal or technical objections to an Address to the QUEEN requesting her to abstain from the exercise of a statutable prerogative. A similar question was raised in 1868 when an Address was suggested with the object of preventing the presentation to vacant benefices in the Irish Church until Parliament had decided the question of disestablishment. It was justly contended that the Ministers, notwithstanding an Address to the Crown by the House of Commons, would still be bound to advise the QUEEN to perform a function entrusted to her by law. The case of the Irish peers is weaker, because the creation of a peer after the extinction of three former peerages is wholly discretionary. The Crown must fill up a bishopric, but in theory all the peerages in the three kingdoms might be allowed to expire without a breach of constitutional duty. There remained the question whether Parliament is entitled to interfere with the exercise of the prerogative. Lord INCHQUIN avoided the difficulty by proposing only to request the Crown to consent to the introduction of a Bill for the abolition of the prerogative created or defined by the Irish Act of Union. As it would have been impossible to show that the motion was inconsistent with propriety, the Duke of RICHMOND relied on the peculiarly inviolable nature of the Act of Union. There is no doubt that it is right to watch with vigilance any proposed alteration of the terms of a compact, provided it affects the conditions on which either party assented to the bargain; but it is certain that Great Britain never had any desire for the continuance of the Irish peerage, and the Irish peers themselves would have

welcomed any arrangement which secured them against any future degradation of their rank by means of an increase of their number. There can be no doubt that, if an anomalous dignity cannot be violently abolished, gradual and painless extinction ought to be encouraged. The fanciful suggestion that there might be a convenience in the maintenance of an intermediate hereditary rank between peers and baronets scarcely deserves attention. Even baronetcies are fast losing any imaginary splendour which they may once have conferred. Lord Mayors who have entertained Royal personages, solicitors who have rendered political services to Ministers, rich contractors and rich manufacturers, have of late, by the appointment of both parties, largely diluted the dignity of the order. It is quite unnecessary that there should be another and higher kind of hereditary title unconnected with any political function. If any supporter of the Government of the day is too insignificant to be made a peer of Parliament, he may be well contented with the rank of baronet. All projects for abating the existing anomalies of the Irish peerage are baffled by the unmanageable number of its members, and Lord INCHQUIN's plan would at least facilitate absorption in some future generation.

The number of Scotch peers who are not also peers of the United Kingdom is comparatively small. When it is contended that Scotland has now proportionately a smaller representation in the House of Lords than at the date of the Union, the complaint may be answered by a reference to the large number of Scotch families which now occupy hereditary seats. The whole body would long since have been absorbed if Scotch peerages had generally been limited to heirs male. As the most recent Scotch peerage must be more than a hundred and seventy years old, there is now a strong probability that, on every failure of succession in the male line, collateral heirs will be forthcoming. It would probably be convenient to admit all the remaining Scotch peers to the House of Lords, if the change would terminate the anomaly of the present system; but, as long as there are Irish representative peers, little would be gained by an abolition of the elections at Holyrood. It is impossible to provide seats for more than a hundred titular peers in addition to the present body; and it therefore only remains to improve the machinery of representation. It is satisfactory to know that nearly all the Irish peers would prefer their present intermediate form of existence to the functions which they are invited to assume in Mr. BUTT's prospective Parliament in Dublin. The history of the Irish peers before the Union is not for the most part glorious; but their successors in the present day are loyal and prudent, and they have no desire to resume the interrupted jobs of their ancestors. The proposal that they should be qualified to sit for Irish constituencies would involve an additional technical inconsistency; but it might be adopted without serious inconvenience. In the late discussion in the House of Lords, some of the speakers naturally referred to the hardship inflicted on Irish peers who, belonging to the minority, have no chance of election as representatives, while they are debarred from entering the House of Commons as members for counties or boroughs where they may possibly be popular. The member returned for the borough of Galway at the last general election succeeded almost at the same moment to an Irish peerage, which for the time excludes him from political life. It is unlucky that when the priests and the demagogues for once fail to prevent the election of a man of rank, the creditable choice of the electors should be rendered abortive. The number of peers who would find seats in Ireland would always be insignificant.

The simple but imperfect remedy of putting an end to the creation of Irish peers ought to be adopted without hesitation. Any grievance which may remain is happily endurable, and it weighs on a small section of the community. A certain number of English country gentlemen who have chanced to inherit nominally Irish peerages enjoy social precedence, and their chance of entering the House of Commons is in some degree improved by the titles which distinguish them from their neighbours. On a liberal estimate it may be conjectured that half-a-dozen Irishmen of family and fortune are excluded from the representation of constituencies which might, if they had been eligible for Parliament, have recognized their claims. Bystanders regard their sufferings with but faint compassion, but the victims of even the minutest and most theoretical injustice may be pardoned if they take every

opportunity of obtaining relief. Lord INCHQUIN, notwithstanding the Duke of RICHMOND's discouragement of his proposal, secured a favourable hearing in the House of Lords. Lord ROSEBERRY's Committee may not improbably suggest some improvement in the present mode of electing Scotch and Irish peers. The scheme is as well worthy of consideration as the project of creating life peers which is periodically revived.

LIQUOR LAW.

THE Permissive Prohibitory Bill has been rejected by an unusually large majority, and as its supporters declare themselves satisfied with last Wednesday's proceedings, nobody else can reasonably complain. Sir WILFRID LAWSON referred to the proceedings of Whitsuntide as showing the increased prevalence of drunkenness, but he might have made some allowance for the deplorable weather of that holiday. The Royal Humane Society gives brandy and water to persons rescued from drowning, and if a spark of jollity lingered in any of the returning excursionists of Whitsun-Monday, the publican who cherished it ought not to be treated as an enemy of mankind. If the return of parties from the country on that damp and dismal day was attended by "noise and confusion," it does not follow that they were drunk, and perhaps they were only persons eminently capable of jollity under adverse circumstances. Some of those who drink least make most noise, and an experienced officer has lately stated, as the result of forty years' observation of Scotch and Irish soldiers, that on an equal quantity of whisky the former are quiet and will stand upright if no one pushes them, while the latter shout, sing, dance, and roll about. We object, therefore, to noise and confusion being treated as proof of drunkenness. Even a Band of Hope singing "Brave Sir WILFRID LAWSON" might be unpleasant to drowsy ears, and "the disturbance of peaceful people" furnishes ground for closing public-houses in good time, but scarcely for shutting them up altogether. "Many members," said Sir WILFRID LAWSON, "would remember that hot July when 'they came down night after night to go into the details 'of the Licensing Bill,' and probably supported themselves by cooling but slightly intoxicating drinks. This remembrance would properly determine many votes against the Permissive Bill. The reference to Belgium and other foreign countries does not help the Bill, because the observation of an ordinary tour must be that where there is little visible drunkenness there is an enormous amount of drinking. The Germans may perhaps resemble that Scotch regiment which could go through evening parade successfully in the absence of any disturbance to the perpendicularity of the right-hand man. They carry liquor well because they have constant practice. A coloured gentleman with a long name delighted Exeter Hall by demanding a Permissive Bill for India, and we expect this proposal to be adopted about the same time that beer-gardens shall be closed in Germany. A benevolent lady established a Workman's Hall, and thereby afforded an excellent opening for a public-house over the way, which frustrated the good work of 'improving the minds' of working-men. The members of this interesting class are supposed to be incapable of passing a public-house without drinking on their way to work in the morning, and to succumb to the same temptation, while struggling to improve their minds, after work in the evening. Perhaps if the benevolent lady had included an imitation of a club smoking-room in the plan of her Workman's Hall, the rivalry of the public-house might not have been quite so formidable. The experiment of prohibiting public-houses in a particular parish or estate may of course be successful, because drinkers can be supplied, although with less convenience, beyond the border. The nobleman who objected to a public-house at his park-gates would perhaps have been equally intolerant of a tripe and sausage shop; and indeed in leases of houses in what would be called a first-class neighbourhood, not only public-houses, but trades generally, are prohibited. The assumption that the inhabitants of a district have a right to prohibit liquor-selling within its boundary may be disputed upon this ground, among others, that all inhabitants of the realm have a right to frequent that district for business or pleasure, and to find supply there for the ordinary wants of travellers. Suppose, for instance, that the requisite majority under the Bill were obtained in Epping Forest or at Hampton Court, could excursionists from London be deprived of

the refreshments to which they have been accustomed? If we regard the enormous magnitude of the movement out of London on a fine holiday, we shall refuse the character of a practical measure to a Bill which leaves this consideration out of view. But perhaps this was one of the "details" which Sir WILFRID LAWSON was ready to settle in Committee.

It will probably be conceded that the whole of the United Kingdom is concerned in the settlement of the hours for opening and closing public-houses in the metropolis. Indeed, visitors to London, as they are mostly sight-seers and separated from the conveniences of home, are specially interested in a liberal provision for refreshment at night, and no prudent legislation could disregard their wants. This shows the fallacy of supposing that any place or district could be allowed to isolate itself from the country generally. The difficulties of regulating the liquor trade have been dwelt upon as an argument for abolishing it, and it must be conceded that these difficulties increase with every attempt to add to the stringency of regulation. Speaking broadly, we may say that the hours might, although we do not say that they should, be different for town and country. The House of Commons had got as far as this, when the difficulty emerged of settling which is town and which is country, and this is to be referred to the magistrates. Then it is said that Mr. CROSS is proposing to do indirectly that which he declared it was the principle of his Bill not to do directly. The magistrates are not to fix the hours, but they are to look at the circumstances of the case, and decide which of two rules as to hours shall apply. It may, however, be observed that the question as to hours might arise everywhere out of London, whereas the question whether a place be town or country cannot in very many places be reasonably doubtful. All magistrates are liable to be influenced by passion and prejudice, but judgment cannot with equal ease in all cases surrender itself to feeling. Although there may be no liability to formal appeal, yet some magistrates are likely to hesitate before deciding anything that can easily and clearly be demonstrated to be wrong. Suppose there is what in ordinary acceptation is one town situate partly in a borough and partly in an adjoining parish, and suppose the population of the parish to be slightly under, and that of the borough to be over 2,500, then, under the Bill as it emerged from Committee, the hour of closing in these two parts of one town would be different. Mr. CROSS has proposed to empower magistrates to make the hour in these two parts of one town the same, and if they proceeded reasonably they would do so. If they proceeded unreasonably, it would be difficult to control them, but they could not, without knowing that they were doing wrong, advert to considerations which would be legitimately entertained if their duty were to fix the hour. Mr. CROSS suggests that his term "populous place" may be interpreted by reference to existing law, and he mentions a case in which a new trial was ordered by one of the Courts because the judge had not sufficiently defined for the guidance of the jury the word "town." It is probably not unknown to Mr. CROSS that in the North of England villages hardly perceptible by the naked eye are called "towns," and a bewildered stranger may hear natives talk of the "town-end" before he has discovered that it has a beginning. But in the South and West of England there are many undeniable towns to which, even for the sake of closing public-houses an hour earlier, Sir WILFRID LAWSON himself could not refuse the title, and which yet do not reckon above two thousand people. In these cases there ought to be no difficulty. But we believe that in JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY "town" is defined to be "any collection of houses larger than a village;" and if we were asked to define "village," we might answer, "any collection of houses smaller than a town." The definition of "town" propounded by one of the judges, and approved by the others in the above-mentioned case, was "a place containing a number of houses congregated together—an inhabited spot where the occupation is continuous." The obvious question arises, what number of houses would suffice, and this is surely the same as asking for a distinction between a town and a village. But although this distinction may not be easy to state in words, it is not very difficult to make in fact. Probably there are not many places as to which a jury would hesitate long over the question whether a railway passed through a town, and magistrates are at least as intelligent as jurymen. Besides, the questions which arise will for the most part be in obscure places where they will be left to be settled by local intelligence,

be it much or little, without the interference of agitators, who for the most part confine their operations to undeniable towns.

We think, therefore, that this part of the Bill has been rather too severely criticized. But undoubtedly, unless Parliament can be content, which it will not, to allow a considerable margin, any attempt to fix hours for the whole country must lead to difficulties and inconsistencies. The House of Commons was reduced on Thursday night to bewilderment and irritation by a verbal puzzle. But it was tolerably clear what the House meant, and, that being so, the difficulty of expression would not be insuperable. Mr. CROSS has happily reverted to the hour of 6 o'clock for opening on Sunday afternoons, which was fixed by the Act of 1872; and Mr. LOWE, by a forcible speech, disposed, at least for the present, of the suggestion as to grocers' licences, which would really amount to the creation of a new and valuable monopoly. The author of this suggestion is alarmed, as other persons probably are, at the alleged increase of tipping among women, who supply themselves with spirit at a grocer's shop. But it is one thing to show an evil and another to find a remedy.

THE EDUCATION VOTE.

THE most satisfactory feature of the Education Vote is its amount. Whether the nation gets full value for the money expended may be doubtful, but every addition to the annual outlay represents or prepares the way for a solid educational gain. This year's increase is partly due to the appointment of five new Inspectors, and Lord SANDON declares that this is only the forerunner of a similar increase in years to come. So far as new Inspectors are needed by the establishment of new schools or the acceptance of Government aid by schools already in being, the appearance of this item in the Estimates is matter for congratulation. But Lord SANDON seemed to explain it not only by the fact that there are more schools to be inspected, but also by the need that the Inspectors "should be able, not merely to go through the dry work of examining the children, but should have sufficient time to form opinions as to the complete working of the schools, and at the same time to advise the teachers and encourage the children." It is to be hoped that this does not foreshadow any essential departure from the theory of an Inspector's duty which was embodied in the Revised Code. School Inspectors are now a very large body, and as their numbers grow it becomes additionally important that the Government should have that guarantee that they are earning their money which the dry work of examining the children alone affords. Any opinions that they may build upon this basis of ascertained fact will be exceedingly valuable; but it will be quite possible for a man of quickness and intelligence to form and express opinions as to the working of a school which have little or no relation to the proficiency of the children in elementary subjects. Even under the present system of dry examination there is an obvious difference in this respect between the reports of one Inspector and another. In some there are suggestions which are really useful because they are founded on accurate knowledge of what the children can do and cannot do. In others there are general discursive remarks which might be valuable if there were any means of determining whether they are true. If Lord SANDON means to invite the Inspectors to favour the Department with their opinions on the complete working of schools, he will do well not to relax the security which he now possesses that these opinions will be worth their cost.

Lord SANDON passed lightly over the statistics relating to the attendance of children at school, and made no mention of those relating to the standards in which they are examined. This last set of figures is, as usual, the most discouraging of all. The Report of the Committee of Council states that, "whereas out of 752,268 scholars, as many as 364,090 ought to have been examined in standards suited to the capacity of children above ten years of age, only 127,884 were presented in these standards, while 233,535 were presented in standards suited for children of seven, eight, and nine years of age." The conclusion drawn by the Department from these figures is, on the whole, sound. "Earnest efforts," they say, "will have to be made by every available means to secure and enforce the attendance of children at school." It must be remembered, however, that improved attendance, even if secured, will not do everything.

School managers may be trusted to do all that is necessary to secure the Government grant, but they will not as a rule do more than this, and the conditions on which the grant depends must gradually be made more stringent. It is of no use to insist on the proper proportion of scholars being presented in the higher standards, so long as the children do not attend school long enough or regularly enough to enable them to come up to these standards. But, on the other hand, it is of little use to insist on the children coming to school, unless they pass in standards which imply the mastery of so much elementary knowledge as will give them a chance of retaining it after they leave. As regards attendance, out of 2,200,000 on the books of inspected schools, 900,000 have not attended half the year. If this is the state of things in the best class of schools, we may be sure that non-inspected schools have no better story to tell. This is the simple but sufficient explanation of the shortcomings of our educational system. The children are not educated, because they do not come to school or do not come regularly. So long as this is the case, there can be no improvement worth mentioning in educational results; and when we speak of the increase in the Education Vote as being the best feature in it, it is because, in proportion as the nation is taxed for the education of children, it is likely to grow discontented at getting so little for its money.

Upon the question of compulsion Lord SANDON spoke like a man who has not yet thought out his case. He described the country as "drifting into a law that no child shall go to work under ten years of age." Upon a matter of this moment the country has no business to let itself drift into any law, good or bad; but, apart from this, it is evident that a law which kept children at school until they were ten, and made no provision in the way of half-time or otherwise for their continuance at school after they were ten, would give the form of compulsion without the power. This is why the recent minute about the children of outdoor paupers is so unfortunate. It suggests a doubt whether the Education Department under its new chiefs is alive to the utter worthlessness of any education which ends before the child has really mastered a single rudiment of knowledge. Lord SANDON's defence is that children above ten can contribute to the support of their parents. It is quite true that this defence raises a most important question, but the solution of it will not be brought nearer by the limitation of school attendance to an age below which they have not the ability to contribute to the support of any one. If the machinery of compulsion is to be brought into play, and the annoyance of working it inflicted, it would be well to have something to show for our pains. The dilemma whether a parent's duty to educate his child or a child's duty to support his parent ought to take precedence lies at the threshold of all reasoning on compulsion, and it is to be hoped that by next year Lord SANDON will have come to some clearer conclusion on the subject. It will be well if by that time he has dismissed the notion that night schools are "an agency well suited to the present educational emergency." Under a proper system of attendance at day schools there would be a useful place waiting for night schools. The boys who had left the day school at thirteen would naturally go to the night school in order to carry on their education from the point at which the schoolmaster left it. But unless that point is fixed late enough, night schools will become substitutes for day schools, instead of supplements to them, and in this latter aspect they can do nothing but mischief.

Before the House went into Committee on Monday Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE revived an old suggestion of Mr. HIBBERT's on the plea that it might allay the grievance created by the 25th Clause. He proposes to make it a condition of admitting voluntary schools to a share of the Parliamentary grant that one-sixth of the expense of maintaining them shall be provided by voluntary contributions. We have always argued that the true answer to the objection that it is a violation of conscience to make a ratepayer contribute to religious teaching of which he disapproves lies in the denial that under the 25th Clause any ratepayer does so contribute. The school fee barely pays—in a majority of cases probably does not pay—for the secular instruction given in Denominational schools; and if this is so there can be nothing left over for the expenses of religious instruction. Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE would extend this principle to the Government grant, and would refuse to subsidize any voluntary school which did not defray

the cost of the religious instruction by the contributions of the subscribers. Lord SANDON'S answer came to this, that as a matter of fact there is hardly any voluntary school which does not raise more than one-sixth of the expenses by means of voluntary contributions. But in that case no harm could come of giving formal recognition to a sound principle, especially when by doing so the theoretical objection to the 25th Clause would be greatly weakened, if not altogether removed. The object of aiding voluntary schools is to utilize for the benefit of the community the energy and self-sacrifice of benevolent persons, and this energy and self-sacrifice cannot be worth much if they do not raise one-sixth part of the expense of the school. Even if it should prove to leave the difficulties which surround the 25th Clause just where they are, Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE'S proposal deserves to be adopted on general grounds.

CASUISTRY.

THERE is an interesting paper by Provost Cazenove in the *Contemporary Review* for this month on a subject which has before now been discussed in our own columns*, and which deserves more attention than it is apt to receive, at least in this country, at the present day. The author has entitled his essay "The Basis of Casuistry," but it would be more correctly described as supplying illustrations from various sources of the universal recognition, direct or indirect, of the need of such a science, and touching, without exhausting them, on some detailed points of casuistical inquiry. For different reasons, partly theological, partly historical, partly connected with peculiarities of national character, casuistry, like "Jesuitism," with which it is often confounded, has long had a very bad name among Englishmen. Yet, as Mr. Cazenove points out, the unquestionable and not very uncommon fact of a conflict or seeming conflict of duties sufficiently proves the existence of "cases of conscience" which must in practice be settled in one way or another, whether systematically, or—as is sometimes recommended—by "common sense," that is by rule of thumb. We say a "seeming conflict of duties," because of course where a lower obligation is superseded by a higher, the former has really ceased to bind; but then it is precisely for deciding which is the lower and which the higher in a given case that a science of casuistry is required. And accordingly its necessity has been distinctly recognized by Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and all the chief moralists of antiquity. It is exemplified historically in the choice of Socrates to obey the "divine voice" or inner law of conscience rather than the law of the State, and dramatically in the pious resolve of Antigone to disregard the royal mandate which forbade the burial of her brother. Nor is it at all true to say that the existence of such problems is ignored in the Bible; many casuistical questions indeed, as we should now call them, are discussed by St. Paul. And the difficulty, as was natural, made itself felt at a very early period of Church history, the new rule of life introduced by Christianity having greatly increased the complexity of moral obligations. Provost Cazenove, however, is not always happy in his illustrations. He tells us, for instance, that in the ages of persecution Christians were sometimes detected by their being found redolent of wine early in the morning, and that hence it was debated whether the danger might be avoided by substituting water for wine in the celebration of the Eucharist. But this is no question of casuistry, and bears no real analogy to the contemporary controversy about the measure of guilt incurred by the *libellatici*; it was treated as a question of pure theology, and decided in the negative on the simple ground that wine is by divine institution essential to the valid celebration of the rite. And so, on the other hand, a prejudice is often raised against casuistry by reference to trifling or offensive details of cases in dispute, where the absurdity really lies not in the casuistical discussion, but in the supposed religious obligation which gave rise to it. Thus, for instance, a controversy broke out the other day among the Mahometans at the Cape, as to whether a particular kind of crayfish they were in the habit of eating was unclean. One party maintained the affirmative on the ground that eating spiders is forbidden in the Koran, and that a crayfish is, ceremonially at least, a species of spider; while their opponents referred the latter point to the Curator of the Cape Museum, who assured them that a crayfish is not a species of spider. The dispute no doubt sounds laughable enough, but that is because to our notions there is an absurdity in the original prohibition. Assuming that it is really sinful to eat anything of the nature of a spider, it is perfectly reasonable to take pains to ascertain whether a doubtful case does or does not fall under the forbidden category. That there is a danger under all religious systems of encouraging unreal and therefore mischievous scruples, is no argument against providing for genuine difficulties which are sure to occur.

But to return to Provost Cazenove. He rightly insists that there is nothing exclusively Catholic or exclusively Christian in the science of casuistry, which has in fact been taught by heathen moralists and Protestant divines as well as by Jesuits; while even these last do not deserve all the hard things that have been said

of them. A good deal of the popular outcry against casuistical refinements springs out of a confusion between disquisitions addressed to those who have to deal *ex post facto* with cases of moral and spiritual disease and instructions addressed beforehand to the culprit himself. Sir James Stephen has shown that even the famous Provincial Letters are not altogether free from this element of unfairness. Yet it is much like condemning a medical treatise on the cure of ailments produced by drunkenness or immorality as though it was written for the encouragement of vice. That there is serious danger of the abuse of casuistry, nobody thinks of denying; but if it be true that all of us, and especially those engaged in public life, are compelled to be casuists in practice whether we admit it or not, there is an obvious advantage in having some fixed principles of conduct rather than trusting to the inspiration or caprice of the moment when an emergency arises. To say, for instance, as is frequently said or implied, that it is always an absolute duty to speak the truth, but that there are certain occasions "when a man cannot help telling a lie, and would not be a man did he not tell it, but still it is very wrong, and he ought not to do it, and he must trust that the sin will be forgiven him, though he commits it ever so deliberately, and is sure under similar circumstances to commit it again," may be called a common sense, and is certainly a very common way of settling the matter. But it is only another form of the Irish verdict, "Not guilty, but strongly recommended never to do it again." Nor does this rough and ready method of treating moral problems afford any guarantee for superior practical morality. Kant maintained in theory that falsehood is never permissible under any circumstances; but his conduct is an awkward comment on his doctrine, for when involved in difficulties with the King of Prussia, it is well known that he "lied tremendously." Most likely, if he had adopted a less impracticably rigid theory, he would have been more scrupulous in its application. If it has almost passed into a proverb that men are unsafe judges in a case where their own interests are concerned, still less can they be trusted to decide on the spur of the moment intricate moral problems where their judgment may, and often must, be warped by a strong bias in one particular direction. Most of us, with the best intentions, are apt to go wrong when we take the law into our own hands. And that is what is practically meant by rejecting all systems of casuistry.

There is one particular branch of the subject, however, to which we mainly desire to call attention in connexion with the *Contemporary* article, and that in the hope of inducing the writer to work out more fully in detail some points, rather indicated than discussed in his present essay, with which he is evidently well qualified to deal. He observes truly enough that "there is no field in which casuistry occupies so large a space as that concerning promises and truthfulness." And it is also by speculations of this sort that the science has been chiefly discredited in popular estimation. If the coarser wits of Exeter Hall revel in such vile travesties as the *Confessional Unmasked*, educated assailants like Mr. Kingsley are pretty sure to frame their indictment against the casuists on the score of their playing fast and loose with the sacredness of truth. Yet it is a fact that nearly all writers who have entered on the inquiry have recognized the necessity of admitting some exceptions to the strict rule of veracity; and indeed Protestant moralists have usually been more liberal in their concessions than their Roman Catholic rivals. St. Augustine, like Kant, seems to allow no exceptions to the general law; but it must be remembered that he is a very voluminous author, and is not always consistent with himself, and moreover that he speaks with some diffidence. The Greek Fathers for the most part sanction a relaxation of the rule for some weighty cause, such as self-defence, charity, the honour of God, and the like; and a similar view is advocated by such Protestant writers as Johnson, Milton, Sanderson, Jeremy Taylor, Paley, Hallam, and under certain conditions by Archbishop Whately. The Latin moral theologians do not usually allow direct lying, except in one particular case to be noticed presently; but they hold equivocation, or play upon words—for the term *equivocatio* does not convey quite the same idea as its English equivalent—and evasion to be in many cases permissible. And in fact most persons avail themselves largely of this permission in ordinary life. Dr. Newman remarks with much force that "the greatest school of evasion is the House of Commons, and the hustings is another." Nor would any one seriously blame the Prime Minister who, on being asked by the artist to whom he was sitting what was the latest news from France, replied, "I don't know; I have not seen the papers." But it is by no means only in political life that such immunities are claimed. "Medical men," as Mr. Cazenove puts it, "may be said to lead a life of casuistry;" and still more is this true of lawyers, who are protected by their profession in guarding the secrets of their clients. It is sometimes said that in Protestant countries physicians are the real confessors of the people, but where confession is practised as a religious ordinance the rule of privileged communications must obviously be extended to priests. A confessor has the same sort of duty to his penitent as a lawyer to his client. And accordingly it is maintained that he not only may deny absolutely, and if necessary deny on oath, all knowledge of what he has learnt through the confessional only, but that he is bound to do so. And, if confession is to be practised at all—which is not the point under discussion here—this appears necessarily to follow. Nor is it much to the purpose to argue, as is often done, that the execution of justice might be hindered and the concealment of crime facilitated by such a principle of action. For it is clear that no criminal secrets would be revealed in confession if

* See *Saturday Review* for November 22, 1868.

strict secrecy could not be securely counted upon; and indeed cases could be mentioned where criminals have been led through the influence of their confessor to surrender themselves to justice, though he could not himself betray them. But we have referred to the immunities claimed for the confessional partly in order to suggest a wider inquiry which the essayist has just touched upon, but which would well bear a fuller investigation than we can find room for here. If moralists allow direct lying to be legitimate in one case, may it not be legitimate in other cases also, always of course supposing an adequate cause? Or are we to say that, while equivocations and evasions of all kinds are permissible, a downright falsehood can never be excused? And, if so, what is the ground of the distinction? To take an instance referred to by Provost Cazenove. Rachel, Lady Russell, while nursing one sick daughter, heard of the calm and Christian death of another. When the invalid asked for news of her sister, she replied, "It is all well with her." The statement was true to the speaker's mind in one sense, but was understood, and meant to be understood, by her listener in quite another. In other words the latter was just as much deceived—presumably for her own good—as if she had been told a direct falsehood, and this is held to be justified by "the law of benevolence." But suppose the invalid had pressed her question more closely and had asked if her sister was recovering or was worse, would it have been justifiable to say "She is getting better"? There would have been a direct verbal untruth, but the same impression would have been conveyed as in the previous answer. Sir Walter Scott, as is well known, held himself justified in denying the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*; and Whately maintained that, if informed in confidence by a friend of his authorship of an anonymous book, and questioned about it by a third person, he should feel bound to answer that he did not know; he had a duty to his friend and none to his questioner. There is certainly a good deal to be said for this view of the matter.

The common formula of "Not at home"—which Paley defends—is hardly a case in point, for it has become what logicians call "a word of second intention," and simply means "engaged." Objections may fairly be raised to it on the score of possible harm to servants, just as Dr. Newman considers it wrong to tell lies to children "because our example will be a very bad training for them." But this is part of a wider difficulty as to the reflex influence of our actions on others, and has no exclusive application to the duty of truthfulness. A religious man who is no Sabbatarian may for instance feel bound to abstain from certain pursuits or amusements, innocent in themselves, on Sunday, on account of the moral or spiritual shock which his conduct might occasion to others. It is perhaps on this sort of ground that equivocation is defended when direct falsehood is condemned, as being less likely, if detected, to outrage the moral sense of those on whom it is practised. But it may be worth remembering on the other hand that a habit of equivocation is more easily formed than a habit of direct lying, and, from the greater forethought and skill required, is more likely to weaken truthfulness of character. A good man might hold lying to be lawful under certain exceptional circumstances, but he would never become an habitual liar; he might gradually slide into habits of equivocation very perilous to genuine sincerity of mind, almost before he was aware of it. At all events there is nothing absurd on the face of it in saying that there are cases where lying is no sin, as there are confessedly cases where killing is no murder. And if this be once admitted, a further question may be asked—whether under such circumstances direct lying is not morally preferable to an ingenious use of equivocation. We may say, broadly speaking, that English moralists incline to this view, while the Latin theologians take the other side, but the problem deserves more careful treatment than it seems hitherto to have received.

A distinguished writer of our own day has summed up his indictment against casuistry as a whole by saying that "it makes that abstract which is concrete, scientific which is contingent, artificial which is natural, positive which is moral, theoretical which is intuitive and immediate." His objections under these various heads require a detailed examination, but the general upshot of the argument is to admit the inevitable occurrence of "cases of conscience," and to leave everybody to settle them *pro re nata* for himself. We have touched on the obvious weakness of this apparently simple solution, and so far the *Contemporary* essayist would evidently agree with us. But the subject may be profitably remitted to his further consideration.

THE LAST NEW CLUB.

ONE might think we had clubs enough already, with all those that are afloat, but still more are projected to supply what is vaguely called a pressing social need. The shouting, singing, free and easy club of artists and Bohemians; the grave dialectical club of politicians and scholars; the silent business-like club where whist is treated as one of the important occupations of life, and substantial sums of money change hands over the rubber as methodically as on settling-day in the House; the bustling, noisy, betting club where Turfites discuss the merits of the favourite in language of strange construction, and where each member is in exclusive possession of the "straight tip" which will "bring him home," and warrant his "putting on the pot"; the mere club which is nothing but a club—a place for convenient dinners, for the newspapers and magazines, a good address for the miserable bachelor, and a safe retreat for the harassed Benedict—all these are as nothing compared to the last

new thing proposed; namely, the epicene club where men and women may meet and receive their private letters, make appointments of which no one knows but themselves, eat their mutton chops, and discuss the affairs of Europe together without fear of Mrs. Grundy or submission to the ordinary restraints of the drawing-room.

The proposers of this new fusion are about to make a bold experiment—if indeed they get a sufficiently large following to be able to make it at all, for we fancy that more beside ourselves are doubtful of its success; and it may be that those who desire it most are just those whose support is least desired by the promoters. It is of course possible that it may succeed when put into working order, and experience alone can determine how much vitality and feasibility it possesses. But, viewing it from a distance, and as impartial spectators weighing dangers and measuring chances, it seems to us a matter bristling with difficulties of all kinds. At the very outset, the details of membership will be hard to arrange, and the work of the committee will be, we should think, as pleasant as walking over burning ploughshares or dancing among eggs; for the conditions of ineligibility must either be so elastic as to include many doubtful elements, or so rigid as to peril the commercial success of the scheme by exclusiveness. In either case, will the majority of women care to submit themselves to the chances of rejection, with the slur that will be assumed to be implied in that rejection? Men are accustomed to this kind of thing, and are not hurt by it, but women are not accustomed to it, and are sensitive; and it is scarcely probable that the lady candidate for admission into the epicene club who has been blackballed by an overwhelming majority will accept her denial with as good a grace as the ordinary man in the same position. She will feel that it is somehow a disgrace, an imputation, a slight; and her friends will feel so too, and will resent her rejection as an insult. The explanation that she is not considered a clubbable sort of person will carry no weight with it, and no one will be able to fall back on the impersonal objection of her profession and its already redundant representation in the club. And, this being so, we question whether the nicest women will care to subject themselves to the various processes of canvassing, discussion, inquiry, and possible rejection incident to club membership. Those who are not so nice are not so desirable.

Then, are unmarried women to be admitted? If so, what is to be the lowest age of membership? It seems scarcely fair to allow the married coquette of nineteen a right which she is sure to abuse, and forbid the staid spinster of twice her age a privilege which she would have neither the wish nor the temptation to turn to evil uses. But if unmarried women are to be members at all, we cannot see how it would work to make a distinction between them and the wives, either in age or personal appearance. Yet, again, if girls of twenty-one or so, young, pretty, and engaging, are to be members, there will be little peace left in the homes of those lady members who own light-minded lords, also members; and the door which will be opened to jealousy, prying, scandal, and suspicion, will be very wide indeed. Even if a definite age sounding safe enough is to be set, we still do not quite see that absolute security which of itself would disarm all suspicion and put an end to doubt. The mature siren is as dangerous, all things considered, as the youthful one; and a handsome, clever, well-constituted woman of forty might do even more damage than a girl of eighteen, because knowing better the weight of her metal, and how far it carries. It would scarcely do, however, to make the qualification for spinster membership consist in confessed homeliness for the sake of keeping the peace among the wives, or to enact that part of the ceremony of admission should be a solemn oath taken against flirting. Yet, where pretty women and pleasant men are mixed up together in the *sans façon* of a club, there will be flirting as surely as there is flirting now under more difficult conditions. Sex is a great fact, let the new school which wants to create a third gender say what it will; and we cannot believe that an epicene club, where Don Juan may meet Doña Julia without the trouble of arranging an assignation beforehand, and lively spinsters may have unrestricted association with discursive Benedicts, will be the safest kind of thing, looked at all round. It would be very pleasant, no doubt; it would save the expenditure of both wits and falsehood; the old trick of calling at the pastrycook's for letters would be rendered unnecessary; and meetings that came, as it were, of themselves, and in the natural order of events, would excite less suspicion and afford more freedom than if they had to be planned for and precautions taken against discovery. Still, other interests have to be considered besides these, and perhaps those are the interests which would be most endangered under the proposed arrangement.

Setting aside the obvious uses to which an epicene club might be turned, and to which there is no kind of doubt it would be turned in many instances, the question remains, are women for the most part clubbable? We think not. Nervous and irritable, full of strange fancies, given to unfounded dislikes and rootless friendships, impatient of small annoyances, most women have little real command over themselves, and are apt to show their feelings with what would be a savage simplicity and directness but for the finery of mind and body to which they are given. When they dislike each other—and where there are a dozen women there will be a dozen enmities—they have an infinite variety of ways of manifesting their spite; ways unknown to men, and impossible in a society of men, but which would destroy the peace of a community where there was no recognized head to keep order and settle difficulties.

Even in boarding-houses, family hotels, and the like, the feminine warfare, always more or less raging, makes quiet walking a service of doubt and danger; and in an epicene club enmities and rivalries would be as certain to exist on one side of the corridor as flirting and jealousy on the other. The very dress of women is a non-clubbable element. Men may have the ugliest clothing in the world, but their costume is so far democratic that it brings us all on the same level, and prevents the frantic rivalry which distracts the other sex. With them, the badly-dressed are despised by the well-dressed, as poor creatures without taste, sense, or soul; and the well-dressed are either passionately envied or set down as sinners very little better than they should be, by those who have a desire for fine clothes but have no money to buy them with, or who have no taste in millinery and no respect for ornament. If one woman thinks a proper disposition of lace and silk next door to the cardinal virtues, another holds her highest self degraded if she is anything less than a fright tied up in a bundle anyhow and throwing the graces to the winds. The two sects never have agreed, and never will; while the poor and envious stand on one side lamenting, either aggrieved by the sight of a splendour which they cannot imitate, or spending strength and means in the vain endeavour to reach a mark set too high for them. There have been more friendships broken by the weaver's shuttle than by any other simply material cause, and the millinery of the epicene club would be a lion in the way formidable to the peace of all concerned.

Two classes of ladies are said to need this institution—namely, ladies who live in the country and want to come up to town for a day's shopping or an evening's amusement, and who therefore want a place where they can dine, rest, dress, and have their parcels sent; and unmarried ladies who live in London—single women with no home rightly so called, who are alone and want companionship, who are poor and want better accommodation than they can afford without the co-operation of a society. And as it has been proved by experience that a women's club—or something like it—where the male element was excluded, was horribly dull and unsatisfactory, and the very hot-bed of strife, they wish now to try one which will admit men, and so give the homeless fair ones society without the need of chaperons or drawing-room observances. As for the ladies living in the country who want a place for their parcels, their case is simple enough. Whether it is worth while to try such an experiment as an epicene club in order to supply their demand and fulfil their need, is another matter.

These, then, are the two classes of women for whose advantage the new club is mainly proposed. It seems hard to say a word of denial to either, and yet we would be cruel enough to deny both. If women want a club and a club-house, let them arrange the matter for themselves, as men have done. But a place where flirting can be carried on under cover of "going to my club" is not a thing that we wish to see established as among the recognized conditions of modern society. It is the thin edge of the wedge; and the wedge when driven home will destroy all that we hold to be valuable and beautiful in our English life. The truth is, this desire for an epicene club is only one among many manifestations showing the revolt against privacy and domesticity in which some of our women are engaged. For some reason, the economic root of which is at present hidden, many modern women find home the most tiresome place, and home duties the most irksome occupations, in the world. They prefer almost anything to domestic life as it is used to be in simpler times—that life so full of tender associations, of strong affections, of powerful ties, of honourable activities. After having helped to ruin the old-fashioned servant and to destroy the old-fashioned system, they turn round on their own work, and plead the servants and the tradespeople as the reason why they hate housekeeping, and why they prefer club life, hotel life, any kind of life that can be named, to home life. But it is neither the cook nor the grocer that makes home life unpleasant to the discontented woman; it is her own failing in domestic qualities and domestic affections; it is the love of dress, the passion for amusement, the frenzy for notoriety, for excitement, for change, which have possessed her of late. This proposed epicene club is only a further development of the new phase under which she is passing, a further and stronger protest against the natural order of her being. We cannot say that we wish it success; for we regard it as a dangerous experiment in which more is involved than appears on the surface.

SPEAKING OUT.

WE are not sure that we know the exact practical object of the series of papers "On Compromise" which Mr. John Morley is putting forth in the *Fortnightly Review*, but they have at least the merit of setting one thinking. It is plain that we do live in an age which, if we chose to put the matter harshly, we might call an age of great insincerity. The tendency, however, of which Mr. Morley complains might perhaps be described more gently without any breach of truth. It is certain that in our days men do not speak out all that they think so largely as they did in some other times—say, for instance, the sixteenth century or the seventeenth. But we should doubt whether there is so much direct and conscious insincerity now as there has been at some times of the world's history. One great point for those who take Mr. Morley's line doubtless is that there are so many people now who disbelieve in Christianity, or at least in Christianity in its received forms, who do not openly profess their dis-

belief. Another point is the insincerity of political life; that men for instance on the hustings—only now there are no hustings—do not profess their genuine opinions, but such opinions as they think are likely to be acceptable to the electors, at any rate to the electors of their own party. There is no doubt truth in the statement in both cases; insincerity, or at any rate the lack of speaking out, is common on both subjects. It is common, not only as compared with any ideal standard, but as compared with certain other times and places. Indeed this is the kind of subject about which it would be hardly possible to set up an ideal standard. For in an ideal state of things one might conceive that there would be no theological or political disputes at all; if every man did not hit on the right thing for himself, he would at least be ready to accept the right thing, as soon as the wise man set it before him.

Let us look at the political case first. Men who wish to get into Parliament do not speak out their whole minds for fear that, if they do, they may not get into Parliament. Men who are in Parliament, and even in the high places of Parliament, leaders of parties and the like, do not speak their whole minds for fear that, if they do, they may lose their seats in Parliament or be unable to carry their measures through Parliament. And more than this, the habit of not speaking out the whole mind leads to not having any whole mind to speak out. Mr. Morley himself points out that men very often come in this way really to have no distinct opinions. They come to say whatever is the right thing to say, if not with any fervent belief in it, yet at least without any conscious unbelief. Now this will probably happen more or less in all times and places, but there certainly are states of society and forms of government under which it is more likely to happen than under others. The kind of insincerity of which Mr. Morley complains, the half-utterance of opinion, the half-formation of opinion, would seem to be one of the weak points of representative government, especially in its fully developed shape of government by party. It is not so likely to grow up, at least not exactly in the same shape, under a despotism, or under a pure democracy, or even under some forms of oligarchy. Under a despotism a man may hide his opinions either out of sheer fear or because he feels that it is no use to put them forward. But this is not exactly the state of mind of which we are speaking. Under a despotism also a man may not only hide the opinions which he does hold, but may profess opinions which he does not hold, in the hope of flattering the despot and getting something from him. Nor is this either exactly the state of mind of which we speak. It is something more distinctly and directly selfish. The candidate who keeps back half his mind lest he should endanger his election by speaking the whole of it, the Minister who keeps back half his mind lest by speaking the whole of it he should endanger the success of his measures and his own tenure of office, may, after all, act upon much higher motives than the man whose sole object is to escape the anger or to win the favour of a despot. On the other hand, we can conceive a really wise and well-disposed despot honestly listening to a faithful counsellor who speaks out his whole mind. Such a man would have far less difficulty in speaking out his whole mind than the man who has to win over either the House of Commons or any one of the constituencies who help to choose it. In a despotism, then, we are likely to meet with something worse and something better than what we are speaking of, but not with exactly the same thing. So in a pure democracy, a man may be tempted to flatter the majority, to hide his real opinions, to pretend other opinions; he may do all this in order to please the corporate despot, just as the other man may do the like to please the personal despot. But the particular motives which are brought to bear on an English candidate or an English Minister would not have much effect on him. First of all, in a pure democracy, where every free citizen is a member of the Assembly, no man need be led astray by fear of not getting a seat or of losing it when he has got it. He has his seat anyhow, and nothing but a judicial sentence or a special act of the Legislature can deprive him of it. Then again in a pure democracy Parliamentary influence rests much less upon office than it does in our mixed form of government. Of course Periklēs, Nikias, Phōkiōn, being generals of the commonwealth, might lose their re-election next year if the Assembly disapproved of their speeches; but Kleōn, Kallistratos, Dēmōsthenēs, unofficial men, risked nothing but immediate popularity, which they had a chance of recovering another time. And we know very well that the Assembly as often voted according to the mind of the non-official as according to that of the official speakers, and we know also that neither the risk of losing office nor the risk of losing popularity did hinder men at Athens from speaking out even when what they said was quite opposite to the wishes of the majority. In Achaia or at Rome, a magistrate risked much less than at Athens by speaking his mind, because he could not in any case be re-elected at the next election, and by the time that he was eligible to stand again public opinion might have come round to his views. In commonwealths of this kind we may believe that public men really did speak out their minds more freely than they do among ourselves. If a man spoke something other than his real mind, it was sure to be from distinctly corrupt motives, from mere self-interest at least, even if it were not a sign of actual treachery or bribery.

In a moderate and regular oligarchy again the temptations to insincerity, though greater than in a democracy, are different from what they are among ourselves. The excluded class, just as in a despotism, are tempted to hide their own opinions if they are opposite to those of the ruling order, though an oligarchy is so far better than a despotism that mere personal flattery does not count

for much in it. A Senate may reward its subjects for unworthy services, but for the mere favourite there is no room. Within the ruling order itself one would expect to find men speaking their minds freely; the only temptation to do otherwise would be when a man might gain office or re-election to office by playing an insincere part, by conforming himself, in short, to the majority. That is to say, the state of things within the ruling order in the oligarchy is very much like the state of things in the democracy. This of course must specially be so wherever there is a general assembly of all the members of the ruling order. On the other hand, in the actual working of an oligarchy, though debate in the Great Council, as far as the Great Council itself is concerned, may be perfectly free, yet there is a tendency to clothe administrative boards with great and irresponsible powers, even towards members of the ruling order. In Sparta or Venice it was doubtless the part of a prudent man to be of the same mind as the Ephors or as the Council of Ten. In Poland again, besides the narrow constitution of the ruling order, we find, within the ruling order itself, the tyranny of majorities and the tyranny of constituencies both carried to its extreme point. It is commonly believed that the maintainer of an unpopular cause in the Polish Diet ran some chance of being sabred, either by the majority of his fellow-legislators, or by his constituents when he got home. But then the Polish constitution, as has often been shown, ingeniously contrived to unite the evils of monarchy, of aristocracy, and of democracy, without the better features of any of them.

It does seem certain then that it is one of the weak points of our political system that it has a tendency to lead public men to an imperfect utterance of opinion, and thereby to an imperfect formation of opinion. It does so in a greater degree than other forms of government. The candidate must adapt himself to the temper of the electors; the Minister must adapt himself to the temper of the House. And in so doing, even if he does not say anything which he does not think, he cannot fail to keep back a good deal that he does think. No doubt in this there is evil, but it does not follow that it is unmixed evil. The candidate may be wiser than the constituency; the Minister may be wiser than the House. But, on the other hand, the balance of wisdom may be the other way. Indeed it has become a proverb that the House is wiser than any one man in the House. This is of course a passive kind of wisdom, which may hinder foolish measures, but which will not promote wise ones. But it is a wisdom which sometimes is useful. In fact, a certain amount of mediocrity, a certain amount of faltering half-opinion, seems to be one of the weak points of our mixed form of government. Where the State is more strongly monarchic and where it is more strongly democratic, the Minister of the King, the popular orator in the Assembly, can go more directly towards his objects than the Minister who commands a majority in the House of Commons can. Still we should hardly on this account wish to fall back upon despotism; and about pure democracy in a large State it is no use arguing whether it is good or bad, because it is a thing which cannot be.

On the other point, insincerity, or at least holding back, in the expression of religious belief, we cannot now enlarge. But at least men now are not more insincere than Greek philosophers who held that the people should be taught to worship the Gods whom they themselves had learned to disbelieve in. Men do not put insincerity in a form quite so shameless as the Pope of whom it could even be reported that he smiled on the wealth which "the fable of Christ" brought him. Men do not put it in a form so horrible as the Roman magistrate who sent a Christian to the lions for refusing to worship Jupiter, while he himself no more believed in Jupiter than the Christian did. It was held to be for the safety of the State that men should worship Jupiter whether they believed in him or not. Something of the same feeling is perhaps still abroad; but at least it does not go so far as sending men to the lions for speaking out what they think. Altogether each age has its good and its bad points. It is not a good thing in itself that men should be insincere, that they should keep back their real minds, either in politics or in religion; but it is better that men should do so than that they should be so strong in speaking out their minds one way as to be ready to burn or embowel the man who speaks out his mind another way.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE world has lately been enriched by a large mass of controversial literature in depreciation of Mr. Burges's design for the completion of St. Paul's. The *Times* gave the signal by publishing in a single day a protest from four dissentient members of the Committee, a letter by Professor Donaldson, and a leading article; the *Pall Mall* lost no time in following suit, and the *Guardian* has joined in the *mêlée*. The *Telegraph*, by the way, has also said something, but as the chief argument which it employs is that the sixteenth century and the cinque cento are different epochs, and as the fact which it places in the most prominent position is that Mr. Burges is of a cheerful disposition, we shall take the liberty of passing it over. The "protest" signed by Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Oldfield, and Mr. Gambier Parry, is partly composed of a recital of facts, and partly of criticisms upon Mr. Burges's design based on the facts so recited. They allege the pledge which was given by the Executive Committee when it took office, that it would scrupu-

lously keep sacred and follow Sir Christopher Wren's intentions, mode of treatment, and, as far as they can be authenticated, his very designs; and that in the agreement with Mr. Burges, the architect bound himself to show reverence to those intentions, and otherwise to follow "the style of architecture and decoration adopted by the best Italian architects and artists of the sixteenth century." They then give the details of a vote condemnatory of Mr. Burges's model, carried by a majority of one in a Fine Arts Committee, that majority consisting of themselves, and of its reversal, by ten to four, in the larger Executive Committee, after a proposal to invoke the collective opinion of the Royal Academy had been declined.

After this preamble they marshal their different objections. The first is the want of sufficient materials on which to base an opinion. The proofs they allege are that the model does not include the site of the stalls—the stalls being already in their permanent places—nor the position and treatment of the altar; that position and treatment, as we believe, and as we imagine they might have remembered, having been postponed by the deliberate and unanimous act of that body of which they were members. They also harp on what they call Mr. Burges's persistent refusal to accompany the model with drawings and sketches of any kind, though the truth, as we have been told, is that the models, and the models only, were ordered. Finally, they make a great complaint that no hint has been presented as to "the mode in which it is proposed to ornament the dome"; as to which, we believe, the same answer would be given, that the body of which they were, and we suppose still are, members, and not the architect, are responsible for what has and what has not been ordered. We are all able to see at the Royal Academy what the architect has to offer; but had his instructions included the simultaneous preparation of the dome design, we imagine that the Exhibition of 1874 must have passed away and the decoration of St. Paul's have remained as much a sealed book to the public as ever. The rest of these gentlemen's paper is composed of a series of criticisms on Mr. Burges's design, which indicate that they do not like what he proposes, but which are singularly deficient in the specific reasons for that dislike which we have a right to expect from gentlemen of such high pretension when they undertake to give the cue to public opinion. They are no doubt very lavish in their charges of "variety of decorative material," "crudeness and violence of many of the tints," "want of subordination," and so on, with a dexterous reference to that "Jesuit" art which they must know that Mr. Burges has been particularly cautious to avoid; but as they are very careful not to particularize the portions of the work to which these comments apply, we can only accept them as expressions of individual opinion, and not as guides for the better execution of the work. They are obviously the first impressions drawn from a model in which all the colours are new and freshly bright, in which—from the circumstance that the model itself is only a section of the supposititious building—the strongest lights are thrown upon parts which will in reality be in the deepest shadow, in which opaque paintings necessarily stand for translucent windows, and in which the aerial or foggy effects of the actual cathedral do not make themselves felt. Any colour which would tell in the real St. Paul's must look strong upon a sectional model, but of this the remonstrants do not seem aware. On one particular change indeed they are explicit—the substitution of marble for stone as the ostensible material of the ground-story of the Cathedral, which they particularize as "false construction," and therefore "false in taste." They may, or they may not, like the substitution, but to condemn it on principle as false construction is to condemn all panelling and all gilding—nay, all colour applied to glass. Under this canon of taste, for instance, all malachite and all lapis lazuli would be excluded from art construction, for these two materials, from their costliness and hardness, can only be used in the way of veneering. Let them prove that the Portland stone of St. Paul's will not in future, as in past time, absorb soot and become both grimy and streaky, and they may then debate on its merits as compared with close-grained marble. No one beyond childhood would imagine that a marble-lined chamber was built all through of marble blocks, and therefore the adoption of that material as a surface lining may or may not be ornamental, but it is in no degree false, for it makes no attempt to deceive.

There is, however, one charge which is so circumstantial that, as we believe it admits of a direct contradiction, we quote it to show how reckless men can become when they betake themselves to protesting:—"That the gentlemen selected by Mr. Burges to execute his figure subjects, and named to the Fine Arts Committee, instead of being the most eminent painters and sculptors of the day, or those who have most studied the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, are artists comparatively unknown, and chiefly practised in Gothic decoration." This, as it stands, is a weighty accusation; but the answer, we understand, is, first, that when the four dissentients met Mr. Burges, he had selected no one to execute his figure subjects and had named none to the Fine Arts Committee, having in accordance with his orders merely filled up his model with rough sketches of the general treatment as he proposed it *pour fixer les idées*; and, secondly, that now that his general treatment has been approved, he has selected and has named to the Committee some of "the most eminent painters and sculptors of the day," and those who have "most studied the Italian masters of the sixteenth century," and that he has actually begun negotiations with them. After this exposure of the accuracy of the remonstrants, we think we may leave them and their lamentations

over an imaginary 400,000*l.* of which they prophesy the misuse. Professor Donaldson follows in a more dithyrambic strain, and desires to "protect, if possible, the noblest Protestant cathedral erected within the last two centuries" (during how many centuries does he suppose that Protestant cathedrals have been erected?) "from being converted into a mass-house." But, considering that the four protesters have joined an outcry because they do not think that Mr. Burges sufficiently follows the architecture and decoration of the best Italian architects of the sixteenth century, we are rather puzzled to find the grounds of Professor Donaldson's discontent, for we have always been led to believe that the occupation of these artists had been to make mass-houses. This is, however, but mild compared with what follows, when, in a fine Tupperian burst, the Professor is indignant that its walls and ceilings "should be bedizened with the sensuous allurements of the harlot." What sensuous allurements? The gallant four, as we have seen, are very wroth because Mr. Burges proposed to coat the walls with white Silician marble; is this the harlot's sensuous allurements? But it seems that these walls and ceilings are not to be adorned, but actually bedizened, whatever that grim word may mean; and it must surely be more than a fortuitous coincidence that Mr. Ayton, in his golden prime, when he wanted to say something peculiarly disagreeable of the ceiling of St. Stephen's Chapel, pronounced it to be "bedizened." The result, we fear, was that he was only laughed at then and for the whole term of his official life. But the Professor goes on to overwhelm Mr. Burges with the good examples of "St. Peter's at Rome," and "St. Vincent de Paul at Paris." But St. Peter's and St. Vincent de Paul are Popish mass-houses both, and yet Professor Donaldson has the effrontery to invite Mr. Burges to borrow their harlot allurements for the bedizement of our noble Protestant cathedral. We cannot pretend to follow our critic through the somewhat spongy amplification which he offers of the paper of his four leaders. One sentence, however, merits being preserved:—"The filling in of the flutes to the proposed marble shafts of the pilasters is a corruption due to the debased period of Roman art." We do not at all deny the truth of this proposition; we only very humbly add that the architect who perpetrated this corruption was named, not Burges, but Wren.

We must do the justice he deserves to the writer of the leading article in the *Times*, when we say that he does not attempt the impossible task of reconciling the four protesters and their irrepressible backer. With a bold plunge into mythical history, he pronounces that the Executive Committee of St. Paul's has been witnessing a two years' "continual and inevitable struggle" between Mr. Burges and its Fine Arts Committee: the fact having been, as we have heard rumoured, that the Committee in question has met exactly three times, having on the first occasion sat for two minutes, and given Mr. Burges unrestricted instructions to proceed, on which he constructed his model of the nave decorations, and on the second—while adjourning its formal decision upon that contribution—having ordered him, with no restrictive limitations, to undertake the more important one of the choir; while its third and last occasion of meeting was the one recorded in the protest of the malcontents. In the intervening months we fancy that those whose brief the *Times* now holds never troubled themselves by presence or by letter to cheer or to criticize, to warn or to guide the architect, who owed his appointment to a vote in which all of them had not been dissidents, while all had taken their share in the consequent arrangements. The remaining article is mainly a second hash up of the Protest, with much artificial stress laid upon the evils of spending the whole imaginary 400,000*l.* upon one building. This argument struck us as peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of a paper which a very few weeks since was the warmest advocate for a new cathedral on a large and expensive scale at Manchester.

The *Pall Mall* writer, in happy contrast with Mr. Donaldson's hysterics, indulges in a bold, rollicking swing of art criticism which might have been worth analysing if his datum had not unluckily been that Mr. Burges intended to dispense with the aid of artists of acknowledged fame. As this, however, happens to be just not the case, we fear that its criticism, with the brilliant peroration about "John Stubbs and Thomas Noakes," must be docketed "coup manqué."

The *Guardian* critic, after some well-deserved remarks upon Professor Donaldson's "coarse," "abusive," and "unjust" language, dances off into suggestions as to "the ball-room or café type," with similes of muslin dresses and blue ribbons, because he fancies that he finds in the nave "a white marble surface with bright blue medallions," not having grasped the fact that the majolica inlayings of the quasi-triforium (as bright blue as, and not brighter than, any plaque of Wedgwood's) lie considerably above the line at which the architect proposes to terminate the marble coating. As to the treatment of the apse-roof, we can only say that the writer who either recollects the great traditional "majesty" which so often and so solemnly terminates the vista of some Basilica, and then can write "we cannot help saying that the representation of our Lord, pendent, as it were face downwards from the ceiling" (which means upwards through following the curve of the conch) "produces a shock—almost a shudder"; or who has written this amazing sentence without knowing or remembering the existence of such representations, has much to learn before he can set himself up to criticize such a design as that of Mr. Burges for the completion of St. Paul's. The critic caps this judgment with an impressive denunciation of certain "scarlet" (which they are not) angels, which he may

be disappointed to hear were only thrown in to cover a space, and will certainly not form part of the executed work.

On the whole, we are of opinion that, while Mr. Burges completes his mature design, his assailants had better buckle to the double task of making sure of their facts and harmonizing their criticisms.

FISK'S APOTHEOSIS.

THE Universalist minister who conducted the so-called religious service at the dedication of the Fisk monument at Brattleboro', Vermont, appears to have laid great stress in his prayer on the blessing of having "broad ideas in regard to human nature"; and it must be confessed that there was no want of breadth of view in the ceremony at which he assisted. The principle of the Universalist system is, we suppose, that one religion is as good as another, and on the same ground it may perhaps quite as reasonably be held that one man is as good as another, and better too. Still it must have required no small degree of courage to connect a demonstration in honour of James Fisk, junior, with any form of religious worship. Mr. Fisk's memory is not exactly of the sort that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust, and it might have been supposed that his friends and associates would have preferred, if only for their own sake, that so unsavoury a relic should be stirred as little as possible. They have shown, however, that they are superior to such conventional considerations, and have come forward boldly to celebrate the virtues and good works of their notorious hero. "Whether or not," says the *New York Herald*, "James Fisk, junior, received credit during his life for such good qualities as he possessed, it is certain that in one place at least, now that he is gone, he is regarded as a dead divinity, or at least as having been very nearly godlike." That place is Brattleboro', "where young and old, rich and poor, unite in praise of their mighty townsman departed," and everywhere exhibit "busts of the dead man in the most conspicuous and honourable positions." As an additional tribute to his greatness, and an incentive to American youth to follow in his footsteps, and strive after the same kind of celebrity, an imposing monument has been erected in the cemetery at Brattleboro'. Mr. Fisk's widow has paid for this memorial, but the people, we are told, have cordially associated themselves with her in honouring the deceased. The regiment which the Colonel formerly commanded—the 9th New York—also marked its appreciation of his character by sending delegates to represent it at the ceremony. "Everything that affection, taste, and wealth could do was done, and the result was a ceremony, simple indeed, but fitting and appropriate." The monument, we are assured by the same authority, "will challenge comparison with anything of the kind ever wrought by the genius of art." It consists of a marble shaft resting on a base, at each corner of which is a life-size female figure, representing one of the forms of enterprise by which Fisk rose to eminence—namely, navigation, the drama, railroads, and commerce. It would be interesting to have an account of these figures a little more in detail. Those who know anything of the kind of scenes which used to be enacted on board the Colonel's steamer and at his opera-house will have no difficulty in understanding the sort of nymph who would most appropriately symbolize the character of these enterprises.

The dedication of the monument was accompanied by a religious service which the reporter of the *Herald* calls simple, but which most persons, recollecting the circumstances of Fisk's career, will probably consider somewhat startling. A Universalist minister, Mr. Harris, was judiciously chosen to officiate, and displayed that serene comprehensiveness which may be supposed to be characteristic of his unprejudiced faith. He evidently felt, however, that he was on rather delicate ground, and that it was necessary to proceed with great caution and to avoid details. The most significant part of his prayer was that in which he thanked God more especially for having given us "so broad ideas in regard to human character." He also prayed that the occasion might elevate all present in heart and purpose, "and that the Deity would remember the regiment of which our brother, Colonel Fisk, was the leader, and as they shall live over the pleasant and social lives which are theirs to enjoy, may the thought that he has gone out from them not be sad and discouraging, but full of cheer and encouragement, and"—of all things in the world—"conduce to their better living." Colonel Hitchcock next addressed the company, remarking that "it was customary to erect tributes to the great," and that this was "truly a noble and deserved one to Colonel Fisk," who had "lived and died in the prosecution of labours which were of incalculable benefit to the nation and to the world." He added that "the day was a most fitting one for the ceremony, being that set apart for the honouring of the nation's dead soldiers." Fisk, it need hardly be said, was a soldier only in name, and made himself popular with his regiment by converting drill into a pretext for drinking. After this panegyric, the band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mr. Harris added a few general remarks on funeral art, in the course of which he explained that he was not personally acquainted with "our brother," but that he had reason to believe he had "a great good heart."

It is scarcely necessary to recall, as a comment on these proceedings, the notorious reputation of the man who was thus commemorated. That Fisk was great in his own way nobody can deny, for he was certainly a very great scoundrel; he forged, swindled, and stole in the way of business, and his private life was a course of gross

and ostentatious profligacy. That this was his character was not the secret of a few; it was thrust in the face of the world, and the echoes of the scandal can hardly fail to have reached even the secluded rustics of Brattleboro'. It must be admitted that there is at least a curious kind of courage in attempting the canonization of a blackguard of this type. It was said of an eminent political conspirator that he ought to be hanged, and that a monument should then be erected in his honour at the place of execution; but with people like Fisk it has not hitherto been usual to go beyond the first of these measures. The Fisk memorial may be expected to provide an interesting puzzle for posterity, and will no doubt some day give rise to grave historical doubts as to whether the patriot and philanthropist of Brattleboro' Cemetery can be identified with the rowdy hero of the Erie Ring. In the meantime it is to be hoped that too many of the youth of America will not be encouraged to follow in his steps. It may be assumed that those who were immediately responsible for this monstrous and revolting ceremony were only a comparatively small body of people; but it is to be feared that Mr. Harris's "broad ideas in regard to human nature" are practically accepted by many who would be shocked by the open effrontery of their application on such an occasion. It is evident that Fisk could never have attained the position he occupied in New York without the tacit connivance of persons of respectable character, who secretly admired his smartness, and who were very willing, if they got a chance, to stand behind and share the plunder; and there is no reason to suppose that if another Fisk were to rise up to-morrow, his rascalities would not be regarded with similar complacency. A narrow view of human nature would perhaps lead to the conclusion that persons who aid and abet this sort of villany are morally quite as bad as the rogue who plays the cards for them; but it is the advantage of a broader system of philosophy that it balances the daring and cleverness of the freebooter as a set-off against his deviations from conventional morality.

Nor is this breadth of view exclusively confined to America. Englishmen are always ready, when a Fisk or a Tweed is carrying everything before him on the other side of the Atlantic, to console themselves with the reflection that, though we may be bad enough in our way, at least such things could not happen here. It may be true that the frank and brutal scoundrelism of a Fisk could hardly be reproduced in our tamer and more straitened society, yet the same poison may be found working under somewhat modified conditions. The secret of Fisk's success lay not merely in his impudence and boldness as the leader of great swindles, but in the support he received from men who, having reputations at stake, could not engage openly in such enterprises, but were quite willing to co-operate under safe cover. The convenience of an agent of this kind partly explains the good-natured view which is taken of his acts. It may be doubted whether even in London a floater of bubble companies, no matter how disreputable his antecedents, how notorious his practices, need anticipate much difficulty in finding a backing of respectable people if he can only show that he has skill and courage, and that there is something to be made by his help. His backers might be shy of mixing themselves up with him personally, but they would be quite ready to follow in his wake, and accept what plunder came their way. And, if he were discreet, a speculator of this kind might even push his influence much further. Fisk's scandalous habits and contempt for appearances naturally cut him off from decent society, and in this country would no doubt have proved an insurmountable obstacle to his progress. An English Fisk would know the advantage of cultivating the proprieties, of affecting the patronage of art and literature, of advertising his public spirit. His name, on one pretext or another, would be constantly in the newspapers. He would become a public character, seek a pedestal in Parliament, and indulge in even higher aspirations. His success might excite jealousy, but no matter what men might say of him among themselves, he would be too useful, he would have too many indirect and secret confederates in his speculations, to fear exposure. When rognery is seen marching so boldly and triumphantly, it is necessary to remember the support which it derives from those "broad views in regard to human nature" by which Mr. Fisk's friends and admirers justify the monument in commemoration of his honoured name.

MEMBERS AND REPORTERS.

FORMERLY members of the House of Commons used to be exceedingly angry with reporters for attempting to take down their speeches, and more than thirty resolutions on the books of the House express the furious resentment which was felt at this impertinence. Nowadays, however, the complaint would seem to be reversed. Last Session Mr. Mitchell Henry brought forward the grievance of members who think that they are not sufficiently reported, and proposed that the country should be taxed in order to satisfy their sense of their own importance and the value of their utterances. It may be doubted whether it is really a kindness to a certain class of speakers that they should be reported at length; but it is perhaps a more essential question whether the public should be compelled to pay for what it does not want. It may be assumed that if no newspaper can be persuaded to report the speeches of these gentlemen, it is simply because newspaper conductors are under the impression that there is no market for such a commodity. The truth is, that at present most people get quite as much of the Parliamentary debates as they care for, and if fuller reports were to be published, they would certainly

not be read. The horse might be taken to the water, but it would be impossible to get him to drink. It is not improbable, however, that the proposal to provide Parliament with an efficient reporting staff may be renewed this Session on the strength of a series of reports, which have been obtained through the Foreign Office by Mr. Mitchell Henry, showing the way in which this matter is managed in other countries. It appears that the British Government stands almost alone in trusting to newspaper reports, and that elsewhere the general rule is to have official stenographers, who are appointed and paid by the Chamber or the Government; and this may seem at first sight an argument in favour of introducing a similar system into England.

In the French National Assembly there are three official reports—first, a shorthand report *in extenso*; secondly, a full analytical report; and, thirdly, a short analytical report. These are in addition to the written minutes of the proceedings of the House, which are not printed, but deposited for reference in the archives of the Assembly. The staff of the full report consists of a Director and Assistant-Director, five revising shorthand writers, eight working shorthand writers, and four assistant shorthand writers. These twelve working stenographers take notes in the Assembly, and write them out; their notes are then gone over first by the revising reporters, and finally by the Director and Assistant-Director. Deputies are allowed, if they choose, to correct the reports of their speeches within the five hours following the close of the sitting. The report *in extenso* is of course, as its name implies, a full, literal report of everything that is said, including all the interruptions, expressions of applause and dissent, and all the little incidents of the sitting. A speech in the Assembly, if it excites any interest, usually becomes more or less a chorus, and the sentences of the speaker are broken up and interlarded with continual interjections from other members. All this is supposed to be faithfully reproduced in the official report, although it is difficult to understand how any merely human stenographer can possibly report half-a-dozen persons all speaking at once. Copies of the full report are supplied to any newspapers that ask for them. Proofs of the speeches of members who do not claim the right of revising them are given out sheet by sheet at Versailles during the process of printing; and when the whole impression is completed, it is sent to an office in Paris, where copies can be obtained on application. This report is published in the unofficial part of the *Journal Officiel* of the morning after the sitting, but, as far as we can learn, nowhere else. In the event of the sitting being protracted beyond eight o'clock in the evening, which is very unusual, the report of the latter part of the debate may not appear in the *Journal Officiel* till the next day but one. The other newspapers content themselves with the abridged reports. The full analytical report is a summary of the report *in extenso* drawn up by the chief of the staff, with the aid of nine clerks. It must not exceed two columns and a half of a large-sized newspaper in length. The short analytical report is a still more reduced summary, limited to a column in length. Both these reports are placed gratuitously at the disposal of the Parisian and provincial press. The stenographic staff is directly employed by the Assembly, and the contract for printing the reports is given to the lowest bidder at a public sale. The official shorthand writers have desks close to the tribune, but no accommodation is provided for non-official reporters in the body of the Chamber. The newspapers, however, are allowed to send to the galleries representatives, who furnish a general account of the proceedings. Under the Empire a newspaper was bound to publish one or other of the official reports without alteration or to leave the subject alone; but now each paper can give a summary of its own.

In the same way there are official stenographic reports of the debates in the German Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag, which appear a few days after each sitting, and are distributed among the members. They can also be obtained by the public at a cheap rate. These official reports, however, do not exclude private enterprise. All the more important German newspapers procure reports of the debates from a company known as the "Kammercorrespondenz," but these reports are usually very inaccurate, and even the newspapers which use them are sometimes driven to complain of their deficiencies. The *Kölnische Zeitung* has a well-organized staff of reporters of its own, and its reports are consequently of a superior character. The Austrian Reichsrath has an official staff of shorthand writers, for which it contracts with the Director of the Stenographic Bureau. The reports are revised by the Director, and the most important speeches are also corrected by the speakers. They are further checked by members of the Reichsrath chosen for the purpose. These reports are lithographed, and supplied gratuitously to members, and they can also be purchased by the public. For the convenience of the newspapers, the Director of the Stenographic Bureau, under the authority of the Government, but at his own expense, provides a more prompt and less voluminous report. Three shorthand writers take notes by turns in the Chamber, and then read them off to assistants, who write down the result in Indian ink on strips of prepared paper, which are fastened together in sheets, and sent for printing to the lithographic press. The Vienna papers can thus begin publishing their reports during the sitting of the Reichsrath, and finish them within three hours after its conclusion. Each journal edits the report according to its party views, and the greater or less importance which it attaches to particular persons or subjects. The full reports are published in the official *Gazette*. In Italy there are official reporters attached to each Chamber, whose reports, after having been revised by the speakers, are inserted in the Government

journal. There is a gallery for newspaper reporters, but the accounts which they give of the debates are described as often "so meagre, imperfect, and inaccurate as to be almost useless." In fact, the official reports can alone be relied upon, and so much time is spent in revision and correction that they seldom appear till three or four days after the sitting.

When we cross to the New World we find that there too there is an official or semi-official system of reporting the debates of Congress. A newspaper called the *Congressional Globe* is recognized as the official record of Congress, and receives for reporting and printing the debates a subsidy of something over 50,000*l.* each Session. Another journal has, however, offered to do the work for 30,000*l.*, and the terms of the contract will probably be reduced. The *Globe* reporters must be approved by the Speaker, and are regarded as, in a sense, officers of the House. They have the advantage of special seats near the centre of the floor of the House, while the ordinary newspaper reporters are placed in galleries. It should be observed that speeches are occasionally published which have never been delivered. A member has the choice of either speaking his speech or writing it out and sending it to the printer. Speeches actually delivered have, however, precedence in the order of publication, written speeches being postponed until they can be printed without unduly increasing the length of the day's reports. There is also a rule that members can withhold for correction their delivered speeches, and have them printed, not in the order of debate, but subsequently as isolated addresses. It would thus appear that the *Congressional Globe* is a sort of organ in which members can publish essays on any subject under the fiction that they formed part of a debate. "This practice," says the writer of the memorandum forwarded by Mr. Thornton, "has several advantages" among which may, we suppose, be included the relief which the House enjoys of not having to listen to a bore—"but, at any rate, one disadvantage, that of allowing a member's speech to go forth to the world without a previous opportunity of reply in the House." As a rule, the reports of Congress in the American newspapers are extremely brief, and it may be doubted whether the *Congressional Globe* is much read except by the gentlemen who contribute padding for its columns. The reporting of the debates of the Canadian Dominion Parliament is left to private effort, but the Nova Scotian Assembly votes 2,000 dollars a year for getting its wisdom duly recorded. A similar practice has for several years prevailed in Prince Edward Island. Generally in the North American colonies official reporters appear to be employed only in special cases. In the Australian colonies official reporters are almost universal, New South Wales and Tasmania being, in fact, the only exceptions. In Victoria the debates are reported by three stenographers, who receive fixed salaries from the Government. The printing is done at the Government printing office, and the reports are published in weekly parts, each of which usually contains the debates of the week before. Queensland also indulges in three reporters, who, when the Legislature is not sitting, can be turned on by the direction of the Speaker to any other job. It is stated that the practice of supplying members with proofs for correction, which was tried for a time, worked so unsatisfactorily and created so much expense and delay, that it had to be given up. New Zealand has six reporters of its own. In South Australia reporting is done by contract; proof slips are furnished to members, and no charge is made for alterations, provided the slips are returned by a certain hour.

It will be seen that Mr. Mitchell Henry and his friends, who are anxious to have an official system of reporting, are provided with a variety of precedents in favour of their proposal; and it will naturally be asked why, if these arrangements are found to be necessary and convenient in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, in the United States, and in many of our own colonies, they should not also be adopted in this country? It is important, however, to observe the various circumstances under which the practice of employing official reporters has arisen, before jumping hastily to the conclusion that it is desirable to make any change in our own system. There is, of course, the greatest difference between a Legislature paying to get itself reported simply because, unless it did so, it would not be reported decently, or perhaps at all, and a Legislature providing an official staff to do for it what is already sufficiently well done by private enterprise and without any cost to the public. It is probable that in most of the colonies there would be no Parliamentary reports worth speaking of unless special arrangements were made for them at the charge of the Legislature. Newspapers there are still in their infancy, and reporting is an expensive and troublesome branch of journalism. Without some assistance, therefore, a competent staff could hardly be maintained. In New South Wales, however, where newspapers are more advanced, there is no need of official reporters. The contract with the *Congressional Globe* in the United States may also no doubt be traced, at least in its origin, to the pressure of necessity; and the same may be said of the German system. As to France, it can hardly be doubted that the object of the Government in securing a monopoly of Parliamentary reporting was due rather to jealousy and distrust of the press than to a keen desire to promote the circulation of this sort of literature. It is obvious, however, that none of these reasons exist in this country. The newspapers report the debates honestly and accurately, and the Government has no reason to hold them in suspicion. Official reporters are employed by Parliament to furnish detailed reports of the proceedings of Select Committees, and also of all debates on questions of Privilege; but the reason of this is simply

that the evidence taken before Committees is too voluminous and minute to be regularly reported by the newspapers, and because questions of Privilege are of so much importance, and often turn on such very nice points, that it is desirable to have special reports of any discussion arising on them. On the other hand, the ordinary debates of Parliament may be safely left to private enterprise. The exigencies of the penny papers no doubt tend to reduce this part of their news to rather scanty proportions; but the *Times* supplies quite as complete a report as any reasonable person can desire, and it would be ridiculous to waste public money in doing over again what is done sufficiently well already. It cannot be for the satisfaction of the public that reports *in extenso* are required, inasmuch as the public is perfectly contented with what it now gets; and if the only object of fuller reports is to please vain or crotchety members, they may reasonably be asked to provide them at their own expense. It must be remembered that the British Parliament sits longer and gets through more talking in a year than any other legislative body in the world, and a verbatim report of its debates would be something too terrible to contemplate. There is nothing to prevent any member who wishes to have his utterances set more fully before the world from starting a newspaper for the purpose or publishing his speeches in pamphlets; or a number of members might form themselves into a co-operative society for this purpose. It is extremely improbable that their speeches would ever be read in this form, but still they would have the gratification of seeing them in type, which would be all they could hope to gain from an official system of reporting. As we said before, the difficulty is to get people to read what they do not want to read. This is one of the things that cannot be accomplished even by an Act of Parliament. The logical course for the discontented orators would be to propose that the newspapers should be compelled, under penalties, to report everything they said, but the only result even then would be that the newspapers would be shunned. There is another point which ought also to be considered in regard to official reports, and that is the amount of controversy and discussion to which they would necessarily give rise at every sitting. Half the time of the House of Commons would be taken up by rectifications of the reports, and the revision of proofs by members would also introduce some alarming complications. As a compromise, however, it might be possible to offer to print at the cost of the country any speeches which members would be good enough to refrain from delivering.

MR. COOK AND THE DRAGOMANS.

THE Egyptian dragomans have been pouring out their complaints against Messrs. Cook and the organizers of English tours, at the close of what, we presume, has been an unfortunate season for them. For the moment, as far as Egypt is concerned, the question can have little interest for the travelling patrons of Messrs. Cook and the dragomans, although six months hence it may concern them seriously. No man goes to the land of the Pharaohs in the dog-days, and few people have the courage to linger on there among the tombs like the late Lady Duff Gordon. But not a few of us are dreaming of expeditions to the Continent during the approaching summer and autumn, and in connexion with this Egyptian controversy it is worth while to consider how far tourists are indebted to the system which Messrs. Cook have introduced. Probably not many of our readers would hesitate over their answer. "Cook's excursionists" have long been synonymous with all that is held most objectionable and most disagreeable in our foreign associations; they rank in our memory with drenching days, unexpected remnants to quarantine or the shrivelling blasts of the scirocco. You have been making yourself comfortable in an hotel not overcrowded, looking out on the grey waters of the Rhine in languid enjoyment of the familiar view, or across some Swiss lake to the snow-covered mountains. You have found the landlord attentive without being obtrusive, and the waiters cordial almost to obsequiousness. You have struck up relations with them, and arranged for your own table in the window at breakfast, where your coffee has come up hot to time with cutlets dressed to perfection. You have found plenty of elbow-room at the table d'hôte, and if it pleased you to dine later, there were no sour faces at the proposal. You have been settling down into that delightful *laissez-aller* life which one leads in the hotel one is making a home of. This semi-domestic life is the more delightful as you know you may move on the moment the fancy takes you. You have begun projecting expeditions in the neighbourhood, and forming pleasant plans for the morrow on the strength of the comforts of the present. One of them you have carried into execution, and have returned late, hot, dusty, and not disagreeably tired. As you walk up the broad steps of the hotel you see at a glance that all is changed for you. Family groups that might have slipped out of Mr. Frith's picture of Ramsgate sands are swarming upon the benches under the portico. The gentlemen's faces for the most part range in the extremes of rosiness or sallowness; they are either come fresh from the English country to expand their bucolical minds with foreign travel, or else they have broken away from close confinement in city warehouses or counting-houses. There is no harm in that, of course, and you feel that you ought to rejoice in the innocent enjoyment of so many of your fellow-creatures. But somehow you don't, and you may tell your conscience there is extortion for your selfishness when you see how boisterous their enjoyment is. They have had time to shake down from mere acquaintance into fast, if fleeting, friend-

ships, and the influence of their uncorked spirits is strongly contagious. They have just dined well, and are indulging themselves moderately in *chasses* after coffee. They are laughing and joking with that air of ownership which is natural to a body of friends who have taken possession, confident in their numbers and in mutual countenance. They eye you with distrustful toleration, as if you were an intruder—you who were quietly returning to your home.

You feel that peace is fled from the establishment; you find that all is changed for you within; and the melancholy change in everything and everybody warns you at once that you have notice to quit. Your civil friend the landlord is invisible for you. Probably he is closeted with the guide and philosopher of the self-conducted party, who will pay him after all a handsome sum of money. The waiters who were your especial allies look worried; they are still considerate and willing to be civil, for they have no great hope of tips from the new comers; but just on that account they are the more put out by the distracting calls that are made on their services. You have to toll time after time for the chambermaid, and then you must wait patiently till she comes panting with the water for your bath. You descend to the dinner you ordered in the morning to find no preparations made. A cluster of corpulent women, highly flushed, are drenching themselves with tea at your favourite table, and project themselves obtrusively into the foreground of the landscape as you look out at the hills or the hanging vineyards. The meal is a spasmodic scramble for the leavings of the hungry multitude that swept most things out of the larder in satisfying their cravings at the table d'hôte. You are woken next morning at an unconscionable hour by the Boots thundering at your door in common with all others along the corridor, but you care the less for the unseasonable disturbance that your mind is fully made up to go. For an excursion, as you have learned, is in Mr. Cook's programme for the day, and your new friends would all be back with you in the evening, while this company is only the advance guard of a main body which may be duly expected in a couple of days.

You may be selfish, we admit; for the excursionists are evidently enjoying themselves, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number should be the most ardent desire of every right-thinking man. But a scene like that comes as a sad reminder of the uncertainty of all terrestrial tranquillity; and on the Riffel or the Eggischhorn, or in the valleys of the Engadine, as much as on the Rigi, you are haunted with nightmare fears of a similar surprise. For there is no disputing that the excursionists, as a rule, are not the sort of people you care to form travelling friendships with; nor are you likely to find yourself greatly instructed in their company. You might hit off many exceptions no doubt, if you cared to search. Many of them are most estimable members of society, and figure possibly as the travelled ornaments of local circles; all are supposed to be in the enjoyment of unimpeachable moral characters. But the very fact of their being willing to renounce their individual wills and hand themselves over into professional leading-strings implies the absence of any marked idiosyncrasy, or of those pronounced tastes which imply some previous cultivation. It can scarcely be said that they travel to learn, for the pace at which they are hurried along altogether precludes the idea of that. They come abroad simply for the excitement of change, or in the discharge of a duty they owe to their position, and which, like duties in general, is often a severe and sustained effort. They would be happier perhaps in the more familiar scenes of Margate and Southend, where they might be sure of their daily shrimps and Christy Minstrels, relaxing in the evening in "Halls by the Sea." But the next best thing is to carry congenial society along with them, to talk the familiar talk or recall the external associations of their native island in strange countries among strange people. Gradually they have been tempted further and further from home, as Mr. Cook became more and more enterprising, and we must confess, in common justice, that, as year after year they enlarge the spheres of their touring, they are being leavened more and more largely by members of a superior class. Many a person who knows little of the East, except that Orientals are notoriously given to extortion, may prefer as the lesser of two evils to make one of a party where the expenses are precisely ascertained beforehand, and all trouble is spared him, even when the object is to visit shrines and scenes where he would most prefer to pick his company. He submits to a serious drawback on his enjoyment presumably with his eyes open. Conceive a visit to the Hill of Zion or the Cave of Machpelah, even to the Column of Heliopolis or the Temples of Luxor, paid in company with a mob of the people who have made the Rhine in autumn an abomination.

Very possibly the more fastidious travellers who dislike being done, and object to trouble, will prefer to resort to the old dragomans, now that they have been brought to a sense of the error of their former ways, and offer guarantees in print for more considerate charges in future. But, should it be so, they ought to remember in common fairness that they have great reason for gratitude to Mr. Cook and the speculators who have followed in his footsteps. Let the dragomans say what they will, and whatever may have been the conduct of particular individuals, there can be no doubt that as a class they were excessively extortionate in their charges. However well they treated the traveller when the arrangement was made and the contract signed, and however trustworthy the traveller found them, they always drove a hard bargain. It was only human nature. All other classes of people who live by travellers do the same thing, so far as they can. The hotelkeepers all over Europe charged just as much as

they could hope to receive, their charges being merely toned down by such competition as existed among themselves, subject to the general solidarity of their interest. When Messrs. Cook came into the field all that began to change. What margin of profit they may have left themselves we do not pretend to say; and indeed in a business which necessarily involves considerable risk and outlay, their profit ought to be considerable. We remember a calculation made by a contemporary in which it seemed to be demonstrated tolerably satisfactorily that individual travellers could make the tour of Spain at a decidedly lower rate than Messrs. Cook offered to frank them for. Be that as it may, and let the profit be distributed as it may, it is certain that on the Cook system of *coupons* a tourist can live much more cheaply at good Continental hotels than when he is in the habit of settling his own bills. And the fact involves an admission on the part of innkeepers which must tend to keep down their charges. The same innkeeper can hardly demand of one guest the double of what another is paying for identical fare and accommodation; and the host over the way, however he may sneer and grumble, can hardly help submitting his tariff to Messrs. Cook's indirect influence. So we find that in Cook's excursions, as in everything else, good mixes itself up with the evil; and if we are disposed to murmur when we fall among his friends, we should try to remember that we owe him some gratitude.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

NO fewer than twenty-four operas have been produced at Covent Garden since the beginning of the season, every one of which is more or less familiar to the public. This fact plainly shows that Mr. Gye has a very extensive repertory at disposal, of which, thanks to the zealous activity of his orchestral chiefs, he can make what immediate use he may deem fit; but it says very little for his enterprise. The system of two conductors is maintained, and no doubt with certain material advantages to the director, who thereby gets the work in hand more expeditiously performed, if not in quite so finished a manner as might be desired. Nevertheless it can hardly be advocated on the plea of orchestral discipline, against which it inevitably, however unintentionally, acts. Signors Vianesi and Bevnigani are clever musicians, and the first has earned considerable distinction abroad; but they are not like the Siamese twins. The orchestra at the Royal Italian Opera is almost identically the same which last year did excellent service; and the chorus is as numerous and strong, if occasionally as rough and unsteady, as before. In the present company most of the old favourites are to be found—the chief exception being Madame Pauline Lucca, whose advent was announced in the prospectus as "uncertain," and who still remains in the United States. It has, moreover, been reinforced by the addition of artists of unquestionable worth, among whom—rare phenomenon!—are two "robust tenors." As we have no unfamiliar works to speak of, we may, without further preliminary, say a few words about the claims of the new aspirants, and record what, up to the present moment, they have accomplished.

Signor Bolis made his first appearance in *Guillaume Tell* in the part of Arnold, which, by means of the formidable "*ut de poitrine*" of Duprez, after a period of public indifference, brought that opera, the greatest ever written by an Italian, again into favour—the incensed composer, hurt in his dignity as artist, thereupon declining further commissions for the Parisian stage, and retiring upon his well-earned laurels. Rossini would possibly have been satisfied with Signor Bolis, who, although possessing no "*ut de poitrine*" to bring the last act prematurely to a climax, sings the music well, and, were he more of an actor, might defy criticism. At the same time, he is not quite equal to the great trio, with its high "C sharp," which he ingeniously shirks, just as he does the C natural in "Corriam" (the "*Suivez Moi*" made famous by Duprez). Nevertheless he was received, according to his deserts, with liberal applause. He afterwards appeared as Manrico in the *Trovatore*, and later in *Il Guarany*, the reproduction of which, by the way, after its failure two years ago, unless with the object of giving a fresh part to Mlle. Marimon, who has seceded from Drury Lane and joined Covent Garden, is difficult to understand. In the opera of Verdi, as in that of the young Brazilian composer, Carlos Gomez, Signor Bolis produced much the same effect as in *Guillaume Tell*. That his means are exceptional was proved in the *Trovatore*, by his spirited delivery of "*Di quella pira*," and more than once in the declamatory passages of *Il Guarany*. He possesses a really fine voice, mostly from the chest, which he knows how to use to advantage; and if Mr. Gye has not found in him an Amadis, he has at least got an Esplandian. Signor Marini (known at Covent Garden, seven years ago, as Signor Marino, playing parts of little note) has a more powerful, if not a more legitimately trained, voice than Signor Bolis, but scarcely the art of keeping it so well under control. The high notes which the last-named gentleman dismisses without ceremony, although existing in Rossini's score, are taken with ease by Signor Marini, who boldly and successfully attacks them. If asked which was the more genuine singer, we should unhesitatingly name Signor Bolis; and if, on the other hand, which can boast the amplest means, we should as unhesitatingly name Signor Marini, in the discovery of whom Mr. Gye has been no less fortunate. With these two strangers and Signor Nicolini, who, French and imbued

with all the vices of the French school, including "tremolo" and exaggerated emphasis, has not the less won general acceptance, Mr. Gye can hardly be pronounced deficient in tenors. He has, moreover, others in reserve—not the least meritorious being Signor Piazza, who, as Elvino in the *Sonnambula*, showed a voice of pleasing quality and a fair mastery of the real Italian style. His appearance is not attractive, but he is unquestionably an artist. Signor Pavani, too, although coming among us late in the day, has also merit, and, as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the Duke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Arturo in *I Puritani*, revealed qualities which place him beyond the average of tenors as they go. About Signor Bettini (husband of Madame Trebelli), who was compelled to become substitute for Signor (or Monsieur) Blume Dorini, after that other new tenor's failure in the *Barbiere*, we are not called upon to say more than that, as of old, he is always ready at an emergency, and therefore valuable to the management. Other male additions to the company have been made by Mr. Gye, but not of sufficient account to dwell upon.

As fresh comers of the other sex we have only to mention two young "soubrettes"—Miles. Cottino and Bianco Bianchi—who, in minor parts, are more than respectable. The former did credit to the theatre as Jemmy in *Guillaume Tell*, the latter did even more so as Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera*—that work of Verdi's which, charming as it is in many respects, can never console us for its having driven from the Italian boards an opera (*Gustave III.*) in which Auber has so much more brilliantly and comprehensively treated the same theme. We have no other strangers to speak of except Mlle. Heilbron, who played twice at the beginning of the season the part of Violetta in Verdi's threadbare, and, despite certain musical beauties not to be ignored, very unpleasant opera, *La Traviata*. Mlle. Heilbron, Dutch by birth, we are informed, was recently one of the "stars" at the Italian Opera in Paris, under the direction of Herr Maurice Strakosch. Her engagement at Covent Garden was purely accidental, the cause being the temporary indisposition of Mlle. D'Angeri, who was to have opened the season. Thus Mlle. Heilbron was only heard twice; but on those two occasions she gained many admirers; and it is generally hoped that she will form one of the company of the Royal Italian Opera next year. Mlle. Heilbron has personal attractions of no ordinary kind; she is a natural and graceful actress, and if not yet a practised mistress of the vocal art, she is earnest in all she does, and gifted with a voice which, properly cultivated, may lead her to the highest honours, and insure for her a brilliant future. This was evidently the feeling of the audience, more than usually emphatic in demonstrations of approval.

So much for Mr. Gye's recent engagements, which have certainly done credit to his theatre. With their aid, and that of his old and well-tried company, he has been able to give, as we have already said, some four-and-twenty operas—the *Traviata* (Verdi), *Crispino e la Comare* (the brothers Ricci), the *Figlia del Reggimento* (Donizetti), the *Africaine* (Meyerbeer), the *Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini), the *Favorita* (Donizetti), *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini), the *Huguenots* (Meyerbeer), *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti), the *Sonnambula* (Bellini), the *Ballo in Maschera* and *Trovatore* (Verdi), the *Flauto Magico* (Mozart), *Faust e Margherita* (Gounod), the *Puritani* (Bellini), *Il Guarany* (Gomez), *Rigoletto* (Verdi), *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer), *Hamlet* (Ambroise Thomas), *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), *Der Freischütz* (Weber), the *Diamans de la Couronne* (Auber), *Ernani* (Verdi), and *Norma* (Bellini). That these have all been presented in so short a space of time, and creditably presented, says no little for the means which the director has at command, and should embolden him oftener to venture upon something to interest his patrons on account of novelty no less than on account of merit.

A glance at what has been done by established favourites of the public—the *vieille garde* of the establishment—must follow as a matter of course. With the first appearance of Mme. Adelina Patti, as has been the case for many years (for it should not be forgotten that this art-phenomenon began to shine in the London musical hemisphere no more than three years later than that other art-phenomenon, Mlle. Tietjens), Mr. Gye's season at once reached its zenith. A universal favourite from the first, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, Mme. Patti is just as much at Covent Garden a universal favourite at the present time. But what in a critical sense is there now to be written about her?—what praises are to be lavished upon one who by this time must be satiated with praise? How often has it been said that the instant Rosina makes her appearance at the balcony (for Mme. Patti came out once more as Rosina, although Mlle. Marimon had already played the part), there is a shout of recognition; and that when, *dolce subridens*, she trips gaily before the lamps to sing "Una voce poco fa," the shout is repeated with increased enthusiasm, renewed after the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," and once again after the *bolero* from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*—anything more out of place than which, by the way, could hardly be imagined in the "Lesson" scene, if we only except "Home, sweet home," usually sung in English for the "encore." One is constrained to agree with Bartolo when he says, "Bella voce!"—for that the voice of Mme. Patti is "beautiful exceedingly" it is impossible to deny; but we agree no less with the Doctor's strictures upon what she sings in this particular situation. Then, can anything be said about Mme. Patti's *Dinorah*, except what has been said over and over again?—that she sings the Shadow-song, "Ombra leggiera," to perfection, and acts the part as no one but Mlle. Ilma di Muraska has ever acted it, since Meyerbeer, fifteen years ago, brought out his pastoral *chef-d'œuvre* at the Opéra Comique in

Paris with Mme. Marie Cabel as the heroine. About Mme. Patti's Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* it would be equally superfluous to speak in detail. We all know her "Batti batti" and her "Vedrai carino," to say nothing of "La ci darem la mano," the duet with Don Giovanni, all of which we have heard her sing so often that were we to hear her sing them as often again, we should still be at a loss to frame a new sentence about them. As Elvira, in *Ernani*, and as Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, Mme. Patti is also well known and accredited; but there is not a word to add about either, unless it be in reiteration of an already expressed opinion—that she is quite as much at home in lyric tragedy as in sentimental drama or comic opera, in both of which she has long been acknowledged unrivalled. The most genuine treat Mme. Patti has afforded opera-goers this season is her performance of Caterina, in the Italian version of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*. The part of the adventurous Queen of Portugal is exactly suited to her peculiar idiosyncrasy, and, as well as we can remember, she surpasses all her predecessors no less in its histrionic than in its vocal delineation. We spoke in the highest terms last year of this remarkable performance, and can bear witness that it has even increased in refinement and artistic finish. As an example of unstudied expression and vocal fluency combined, the air with variations in the second act, one of the most original and perfect things of its kind in all French opera, may be signalized as faultless. Since Mme. Anna Thillon, the original Caterina, no one has sung this with such grace and brilliancy combined; and, without excepting Mme. Thillon, no one has ever acted the part with such spirit and abiding charm. While speaking of the *Diamans de la Couronne*, it is but just to add that Signor Vianesi has freely curtailed the accompanied recitatives which he himself composed for the performance last season, and, by abandoning interpolations and restoring as much as possible the original text, has allowed Auber a chance of expressing what he intended to express after his own incomparable manner. The only serious objection now is to the *bravura* air from one of Auber's earlier operas which Mme. Patti introduces as *finale*, thereby depriving the climax of its point and meaning—just as Miss Louisa Pyne was wont to do when, in the same place, she brought in Rode's air with variations. Mme. Patti should know better. She stands in need of no such extraneous aids. Mlle. Albani, Mr. Gye's most recent and valuable acquisition in the *prima donna* line—for *prima donna* she is, and nothing less—has made still further advance in public esteem. We are mistaken if this young Canadian lady does not speedily reach the highest position in her art. She improves year after year; and the improvement, which cannot fail to be noticed by connoisseurs, is clearly the result of persevering study. With so exquisite a voice, so charming a presence, and such rare natural capabilities, it would be surprising, indeed, if Mlle. Albani failed to make way. *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, the operas in which she first appeared this season, justified all that had been said and written in her praise; and subsequently by her assumption of Elvira in the *Puritani* she almost succeeded in galvanizing that quasi-effete composition. In Verdi's *Rigoletto* she obtained another legitimate success; and perhaps since Angiolina Bosio a more graceful and sympathetic Gilda has not been seen. Mlle. Albani was announced to appear on Tuesday night as Mignon in the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, made famous here through the enchanting impersonation of the heroine by Mme. Nilsson; but Mlle. Marmoin, who was to play Filina, being indisposed, the production of *Mignon* was deferred, and the *Sonnambula* given in its place. All operatic London is anxious to know what Mlle. Albani will do with Goethe's poetic creation. One thing is certain—that she has the personal requisites for an ideal embodiment of the character, together with the vocal power and fluency indispensable to an adequate execution of the music. About the return of Mme. Vilda, who came again before us as Norma, the character with which, as far back as 1866, she first appeared in London, and who has since essayed a part less congenial to her strongly marked individuality—that of Valentine, in the *Huguenots*—we need say no more at present than that the Mme. Vilda of 1874 is very much the same as the Mme. Vilda whom we remember seven or eight years ago. As Norma she created about the same impression and was received with about the same favour; but with regard to her Valentine opinions were by no means unanimous. Of this and other matters, however, we must speak on a future occasion. Meanwhile, in his prospectus Mr. Gye declares an intention to produce at least three of the following works—*Luisa Miller* (Verdi), for Mme. Adelina Patti; *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas), for Mlle. Albani; the *Seraglio* (Mozart), for Mme. Vilda; *I Promessi Sposi* (Ponchiello); and *Life for the Czar* (Glinka). It is to be feared that, at this late period of the season, the "at least three" may be reduced to "at most two," and that these two will be *Mignon*, announced for to-night, and *Luisa Miller*, said to be in rehearsal.

ASCOT.

THE first day of Ascot was fully up to its established reputation, although, in consequence of the hard state of the ground, the fields were hardly as large as we have seen them in former years. The Trial Stakes, which on paper appeared to be a match between Thunder and Oxonian, fell to the Epsom Cup winner without difficulty, Oxonian finding the severe mile beyond his compass, and also appearing to show the effects of the hard work he has been doing with little intermission since the commencement of the season. A Maiden Plate for two-year-olds was won by the

high-bred and highly-priced brother to Pero Gomez, who defeated the shifty Strathavon and seven other antagonists with ease. The winner, since named Vasco de Gama, was purchased at Sir Joseph Hawley's sale by Mr. Houldsworth for 1,300 guineas, and hardly attracted on Tuesday the attention to which his good looks, no less than his parentage, entitled him. Another highly-bred youngster, by Blair Athol out of Gardevisure, also took part in this race, and finished fourth. Strathavon, as in previous races, refused to try at the moment when the race seemed at his mercy, and is evidently one of those animals who are better left alone. Only six came to the post for the great race of the day, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and of those six Atlantic carried a 5 lbs. penalty, Lemnos and Sugar cane were penalized 3 lbs. each, Volturno had the normal weight of 8 st. 10 lbs., and Leolinus and King of Tyne were favoured by 7 lb. allowances, their weight being thus reduced to 8 st. 3 lbs. The race was generally considered to be a match between the two stable companions Atlantic and Leolinus, and the great question was whether the former could give the latter 12 lbs. In the Derby there was certainly not more than 5 lbs. between the pair, but then Atlantic had been injured two days before, and carried the marks of his injury about him. Besides, Leolinus had been proved capable of staying over a longer course than Atlantic has yet compassed in public, and, in addition, it was currently asserted before the Derby that Atlantic, Aquilo, and Leolinus were so near together in merit as to be hardly separable at home. It was a bold idea, therefore, to imagine that the Two Thousand winner could give 12 lbs. away over the severe Ascot course to a stable companion who, both in private and in public, had proved himself so nearly his equal; and the event proved that the estimate which had been formed of their relative merits was pretty nearly correct. Taking advantage, as he was bound to do, of his lenient weight, and following the example which seems fashionable as well as successful in the great races of this year, Leolinus made the running almost entirely for himself, and though Atlantic struggled gamely to reach him in the last two hundred yards, the effort was fruitless, and Sir R. Bulkeley's horse won by two lengths, Atlantic, as might have been expected, beating the remainder with equal ease. A two lengths' beating is perhaps hardly equivalent to 12 lbs., and it is very possible that at even weights Atlantic might have been successful. But at even weights there would always be a good race between the pair, and Leolinus, who relishes a distance of ground, would not be easily shaken off. Lemnos ran fairly well, but is evidently not best served by a long course, and King of Tyne showed little improvement on his Derby running. Subsequent races point out the Derby of 1874 as a true-run race, and till we see some signal reversal of the Derby form, we shall be disposed to consider it as an accurate guide to the merits of the three-year-olds.

For the Ascot Stakes there were ten competitors, including Shannon, Royal George, Aldrich (the winner of the City and Suburban), Gleneagle, Fève—whose prominent running in last year's Cesarewitch was much noticed at the time—and his stable companion Coventry. Oddly enough, just as Fève had to give way to King Lud in the Cesarewitch, so now he had to yield the first place to Lord Lonsdale's representative, Coventry. With King Lud out of the way, Fève would probably have won the Cesarewitch; with Coventry out of the way, he would assuredly have won the Ascot Stakes. It is, however, useful no doubt to have two strings to one's bow; and as last Tuesday the public fastened exclusively on Fève, who did not win, and altogether neglected his stable companion Coventry, who did win, let us hope, for their own sakes, that those most interested in the pair pursued an opposite policy. Scamp was third, and really we are not certain that Scamp is not trained in the same stable as the first and second. Aldrich was fourth, but Royal George, who, despite his unreasonably heavy weight, ran with considerable gameness, might have been nearer had he not been eased at the finish. Shannon, 6 years, 8 st. 7 lbs., ought of course to have won if she had been in anything like her old form; but she has probably seen her best day, and her temper has not improved with age. The succeeding race, for the Queen's Stand Plate, was the great surprise of the day, and must have been a great source of affliction also to people who indulge in the injudicious habit of laying odds. The invincible Prince Charlie, for the third time this season, met Blenheim, and, for the first time, suffered defeat, and a decisive defeat, too. He was giving 7 lbs., it is true, but he received more than a 7 lbs. beating, and appeared incapable of acting up the hill. It seems almost ludicrous to talk of such a horse as Prince Charlie over short courses being chopped at the start, but that was the casualty which befell him last Tuesday; for Fordham sent Blenheim to the front directly the flag fell, and drove him along as hard as he could go from start to finish, and Prince Charlie vainly endeavoured to go up to him, still more vainly to pass him. It was remarked that Prince Charlie did not gallop with his wonted freedom to the starting-post, but still extravagant odds were laid on him, and more than one melancholy face was observable after the winner's number had been hoisted. M. Lefèvre certainly deserves a turn of luck, for he has been peculiarly unfortunate throughout this season, and he has also been peculiarly persevering in his efforts to lower Prince Charlie's colours. Indeed people had begun to think that a race meeting was incomplete without a contest between Prince Charlie and Blenheim, and that the latter was kept for their express amusement to run exhibition matches with the magnificent chestnut, and to enable them to pay the expenses of the week. The race of last Tuesday will have inspired such persons with different reflections. For the Gold Vase

Organist, Montargis, Lillian, and Miss Toto ran, and we may mention that the last-named, who is a very difficult animal for a light weight to manage, was last from start to finish. The race between the other three was well contested, and Lillian, who was ridden in blinkers, was not disposed of till opposite the enclosure. Thenceforward it was a match between Montargis and Organist, and the French horse had much the best of the struggle, but his rider making too sure of victory, and the rider of Organist never ceasing to persevere with his horse, the Chester Cup winner just secured the judge's verdict by a short head. He is a horse of surprising gameness, but rather small, and, we should think, deficient in speed. Kaiser was withdrawn from this race on account of the hard ground and his engagement in the Gold Cup on Thursday; otherwise it would have been at his mercy. An excellent day's sport was wound up by the success of Camballo, a son of Cambuscan and Little Lady, who beat a good field of two-year-olds, including Balfe, the winner of more than one match at Newmarket, and a colt of sound and muscular appearance.

The two Cups produced excellent races, and, for a wonder, there was not a single false start for the Hunt Cup. Usually there is a delay of half or three-quarters of an hour before the flag falls; but this year the twenty-six competitors were managed as easily as the twenty in the Derby or the dozen in the Oaks. Another usual incident of this race, namely the success of the first favourite, was again illustrated by the success of Lowlander, a slashing son of Dalesman, who, after attaining to eminence as a hurdle-racer, has returned to the flat. Reclaimed hurdle-racers seldom do much in flat racing except in very moderate company; but Lowlander is a brilliant exception to the rule. He had the race in hand at any point and won with the greatest ease, Maid of Perth and Flower of Dorset securing second and third places, the latter after a desperate struggle with Oxford Mixture, who again was within an ace of fulfilling her destiny of running into a place. We shall revert to the Hunt Cup next week, but we may remark now that the puffed-up Mr. Fox was fairly beaten by his trial horse, Flower of Dorset, and that most of the competitors were pulled up when the pursuit of Lowlander was hopeless. A select and most brilliant field, well worthy of the most distinguished trophy of the meeting, came to the post for the Gold Cup. Mr. Merry ran both Marie Stuart and Doncaster, the former carrying the proper colours of the stable; Flageolet represented M. Lefèvre, Kaiser Mr. Savile, France sent Boiard to do battle with the English horses, and Gang Forward was the sixth. Thus we had a Derby, St. Leger, and Two Thousand winner, a winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and a Grand Prix winner, all meeting together, and all in good condition for the race. The six horses were not only distinguished performers, but they were also all sound and well, and as they cantered down to the post it was generally thought that we should have such a Cup race as had not been seen for years. And certainly it was a good race, only Marie Stuart, who was the first beaten, failing to show anything of her three-year-old form. The running was made by Flageolet, who held a commanding lead for a mile and a half, after which he was joined by Boiard, and the pair raced together to the distance, where Boiard, after a little rousing, got in front of M. Lefèvre's horse, and, retaining his advantage to the end, won in real good style. Doncaster came with a tremendous rush in the last two hundred yards and succeeded in making a dead heat with Flageolet for second place; and Kaiser and Gang Forward—the two inseparables of last year—were well up with the dead-beaters. Boiard is a grand specimen of a race-horse, not particularly handsome, but full of power; just one of those animals with which our neighbours surprise us every now and then, and a worthy successor to Gladiateur and Mortemer. No distance is too long for him; indeed the popular belief is that he would stay six miles if required. Flageolet also ran stoutly and gamely; and the fact of the first and second for the Ascot Cup being French-bred horses will be fresh matter for reflection to those who are not altogether satisfied with the present condition of our own thoroughbreds.

We must not omit, however, to mention that, as a set-off, the great French prize has been again won by an English horse, and that, moderate as the English three-year-olds may be this year, those of France must be more moderate still. In a field of fourteen, and for the richest race of the year, there were only two English horses, Trent and Tomahawk, and these two finished first and third. Between them came Saltarelle, the winner of the French Derby, and behind them eleven representatives of the leading French stables. It has been said that the easy victory of Trent—who could not get within three lengths of George Frederick in the Derby—shows that the English three-year-olds must be better than has been supposed; but we should rather say it showed that the French three-year-olds must be exceptionally bad. It is impossible by any public running to make out Trent a horse of high calibre, and his victory at Paris must be attributed to the fact that he had nothing worth speaking of to beat. The absence of English horses from the competition may seem remarkable, since prizes to the amount of five thousand pounds and upwards are not to be picked up every day; but it must be remembered that the time fixed for the great Paris race is highly inconvenient to English owners, being just midway between two of their greatest meetings, Epsom and Ascot, and further that it is in accordance with the conservative instincts of English sportsmen to prefer a small race on their own grounds to a large one in a foreign country. The prizes at Ascot are more highly coveted than any that are offered elsewhere during the racing season; but an English horse taking part in the Grand Prix on the Sunday before Ascot would

be practically unfitted for any severe exertions at the Royal meeting. We do not think that Englishmen care very much about an international race at any time; but if they did, they would like it fixed at a time of year when their representatives would have ample opportunity, both on going and returning, to recover from the fatigues of a tedious journey, without having to risk the loss of any valuable engagements in their own country.

REVIEWS.

ROHLFS'S MOROCCO.*

ALTHOUGH some dozen years have gone by since Dr. Rohlfs went through the adventures in Morocco of which he now gives us a record in an English dress, and we are looking forward to the details of his more recent and more daring exploration of the Libyan desert, there is enough of new and lively interest in the volume before us to make us grateful for its publication. Having made well nigh the circuit of the entire kingdom, skirting the Atlantic seaboard from Tangier southwards, besides long intervals of sojourn in the interior, and penetrating to the oases of Draa and Taflet on the verge of the Sahara, he has qualified himself to speak as no traveller has yet done of the country and the people of the remarkable, and in many respects singular, province which forms the north-western angle of the African continent, comprised in the main between the Atlas and the sea. Besides the inducement to penetrate the country as a traveller, he was animated with the idea of entering the service of the Sultan as a medical man. So much had been said in Algeria and Spain of a New Morocco, of reorganization and reform set on foot by the Sultan in the army, in finance, and in the State at large, that he began to build castles in the air, and to think that he could make himself as much at home at Morocco as a few years' residence in Algeria had made him with the Arabs. Dr. Rohlfs had many qualifications for the enterprise, to which Mr. Winwood Reade does no more than justice in his short introduction. We fail indeed to see why, unless from motives of superfluous modesty, a writer so competent as Dr. Rohlfs proves himself to be should have delegated the task of introduction to one so little heedful or exact as, in his opening sentence, to set down the Sahara as on the "eastern" side of the Egyptian valley. His main passport and safeguard among so many dangers and difficulties was his character as a medical man. But of little avail would have been even this qualification, potent as it is invariably found to be in semi-barbarous countries, had he not added to it the repute of going as a true believer, or at least as a convert seeking the right faith and bent upon laying himself for guidance, consolation, and instruction at the feet of the supreme and all but inspired and infallible Sherif Sidi el Hadj Abd-es-Salam, the most famous saint of the land, at his secluded sanctuary at Uesan.

In a country so bigoted and intolerant it was with great sagacity that Dr. Rohlfs set himself forth as a neophyte in pursuit of truth, rather than as a hadji or a true believer. Any little slip in Moslem etiquette or decorum had thus its explanation and excuse, whilst the rigid stickler for forms, or the fanatic in propriety of phrase, was conciliated and flattered by an attitude of modesty which courted correction. The semi-Moorish costume in which he travelled, though it everywhere drew attention and curiosity, carried with it no suspicion. He must have cut a queer figure in his long white woollen shirt, or *djelaba*, with a hood to it, yellow slippers on his bare feet, a Spanish cap within which was stitched a five-pound note (his whole stock of money), his trousers cut short at the knees, and, to crown all, a loose black English overcoat as a burnous. He had no weapons. A small note-book and pencil were hidden in his pocket. His stock of Arabic consisted of but few phrases beyond the talismanic, all-potent Open Sesame, variously as it is represented in equivalent European phraseology—*Lah ilah il Allah, Mohammed resul ul Lah*; "Except God, no God, Mohammed is the Messenger of God." The painful process of having the head shaved by means of a pocket-knife by one of his earliest Moorish entertainers was duly gone through, the far more serious initiatory Moslem rite being happily not rigorously exacted in Morocco. With his whole worldly goods, a small bundle of linen carried on a stick over his shoulder, the adventurous pilgrim set forth from Tandja, as the Moors call Tangiers, on the road to Fez, having for his guide a native, Si-Embark, who seized the first opportunity of decamping with the bundle before reaching L'xor (as Alkassar is pronounced). Pushing on alone to this place half in despair, he found himself no welcome guest, half-suspected of being an escaped criminal; but, being summoned before the Kaid, he was enabled to continue his journey in company with a farmer from Tetuan, till the city of the Great Sherif, the Mecca of Morocco, was reached in safety. His adventures thus far were not free from risk or discomfort, though amusing enough to read. The heat was terrific, his bare legs were raw and purple from the scorching sun, and his Spanish sombrero had to be replaced by a wisp of muslin tied round the head. His first night's lodging was a compartment of a double hut, which he shared with two chil-

dren and a foal, the master and his wife occupying the other. A running fire of cross-questions was kept up by all in whose way he came. At L'xor he was denounced as a criminal, or an unbeliever at the least, and ran no slight risk till the Kaid took him up and set him upon his way. He was not yet safely up in Moorish punctilio. "Oh, Christian," said an old coffee-drinker, "don't run up and down. To walk backwards and forwards without reason like an animal is not gentlemanly (*drif*)." "Oh, marvel," cried another, "look at the infidel dog how he has crossed his hands; certainly he is praying his sinful prayers." He was admonished never to repeat such God-forgotten gestures in the company of true believers. Dinner, coupled with eating with the hand, and having his mouth crammed by the dirty fingers of a Moorish host, was a trying ordeal. Reaching Uesan, our traveller was hospitably welcomed by the Sherif, a remarkable man who exercised all but supreme sway over the whole land, and to whose intervention the ruling Sultan had been indebted for his elevation to the throne when it was disputed in 1859. Sidi was then about thirty-one years of age, tall and corpulent; the negro blood on his mother's side traceable in his dark complexion and thick lips. He affected very advanced or liberal views, wearing a French military uniform, with a scarf of silk interwoven or fringed with gold, in defiance of the Koran. He showed to Mustapha (Dr. Rohlfs's assumed name) his European curiosities—a model of a steamship with paddle-wheels, another of a train upon a railway, with some rare flowers and plants from Europe and America, watered by ingenious fountains. The Sultan, he complained, and his grantees, and the doctors of the law, would not hear of progress and improvement, and hence their defeat by the Spaniards. He was himself for introducing all that the Christians have; at all events, a good Legislature and a regular army. The European doctor must have been to him a god-send. He took Mustapha the first thing to see all the lions—his own palace with its European furniture, decorations, and musical instruments, the great mosque of Mulei Abd-Allah Scherif, the founder of Uesan, the Holy Sanctuary where the father of the present Grand Sherif was buried, a holy man and a potent, who could make barren women bring forth, though he himself had but this one son born of a slave girl. Gladly as he would have retained Mustapha in his own service, Sidi sent him forward in handsome style to Fez.

The whole intervening country, rich in wheat and barley, olive and other fruits, belongs to the Sherif, who entertains by the thousand the pilgrims who flock to the Sanctuary. At the capital the letter of introduction from the holy man secured forthwith the commission in the service of the Sultan which the Doctor had in view, and, what with his duties as military surgeon and his rapidly-growing private practice, he had as much as he could get through. A vast sensation was created when a mighty signboard, a thing never seen in Morocco before, was set up over the shop which he opened in partnership with a French apothecary named Abdallah, on which was painted, in large and beautiful Arabic letters, "Mustafa the German, physician and surgeon." The most interesting and instructive part of his book consists of what he has to tell us of his professional experience, combining the practice of the native physicians, their materia medica, and the appliances of their profession, with what he found himself able to introduce of European science and usage. The healing art is prosecuted under serious difficulties when the death of the patient following the administration of any internal remedy is set down to the effect of the medicine, involving a charge of murder against the mediciner. The wise physician consequently confines himself very much to external applications, exhibiting few doses beyond texts of the Koran made up into pills and swallowed as amulets. Dr. Rohlfs's stock as surgeon and apothecary consisted of a large charcoal fire, with irons kept at a white heat, some pots containing ointments, emetics, and purges, with various innocuous, highly-coloured powders for cases of hypochondria and hysteria. Later on his pharmacopoeia was advantageously enlarged by the use of the medicine-chest presented to the Sultan by Queen Victoria. His chapter on the diseases of Morocco is full of information. The practice, and even the names, of the grand old physicians of their race who lived in Spain, as well as in their own country, survive no longer among the Moors of to-day, who have never heard of Averroes, of Avenzoar, or of Abu-el-Kassem-Calif-ben-abbes (Albu-casis), who invented lithotomy. The physician is generally a Sherif as well, and deals most in charms and written prayers. He has generally by way of guarantee to swallow half the potion he prescribes, as happened to Dr. Rohlfs when he gave a dose of salts to Ben Thalab, the Bascha of Fez. The most common disease is syphilis, known as the "great sickness," from which scarcely a family, if an individual, north of Morocco is exempt. The best known remedies are the sulphur baths of Ain-Sidi-Yussuf, probably the Aqua Dacica of the Romans, three months of which form the shortest course. Mercury is seldom used, being mostly applied by inhalation, the mercury being heated in a pan. Sarsaparilla is in vogue, but active perspiration, next to written charms, is most relied on. Our author began well with mercury and jodkali, but his drugs being exhausted, had to fall back upon amulets. Intermitting fevers are common in the lower and marshy tracts, usually of the tertian, but sometimes of the quartan form, and are treated by strong purgatives, quinine being unknown. For liver complaints and jaundice, which are common, *Cuminum cyminum* (Linn.) is used; and for dysentery and diarrhoea gum arabic, a decoction of the plant *Capparis spinosa* and raw opium. Diseases of

* *Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Draa and Taflet*. By Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. With an Introduction by Winwood Reade. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

the lungs are scarcely known in that fine climate, and are treated simply with amulets, i.e. are left to nature. Dropsy, which is largely induced by suppressed perspiration, as well as by the immoderate use of hot baths, is met by purges, never by diuretics. The plague, once a frequent visitor, has not been known since 1799. Typhus is rare, and confined to certain spots. It is treated with olive-oil in large quantities, or else with liquid butter without salt. Madness is by no means common, and hydrophobia positively unknown. It is an odd notion that dogs which are fed on raw meat do not go mad. Leprosy and elephantiasis were once far more rife than now, but smallpox is very general, almost every Moor being pock-marked, although vaccination is in use, having been introduced, they say, by their Arab forefathers. Ringworm is frightfully prevalent, at least among males, induced probably by the repeated shaving of the head with a blunt knife. After manhood few have occasion to shave the head, this disease having made them bald. The most outlandish and ruthless bit of Moorish therapeutics is the treatment of dyspepsia, rheumatism, and gout with the actual cautery:—

In Fez are fire-doctors, who sit in the street which joins the Old Town to the New Town. Before them they have an iron pot, with a grate, on which a fire is burning. A little basket with charcoal is on one side, and a goat-skin bellows. A patient appears: he has perhaps slept out of doors in the rain, is ill in consequence, and supposes that he has been bewitched. He presents himself before the famous fire-doctor, Si-Edris, a man all the more famous because he is a Thaleb—that is, he can read—as a proof of which a thick folio lies beside him. The doctor does not read very well—no better, in fact, than a child of six, although he is sixty; but, on the other hand, it is not a book that is very difficult to read, for from beginning to end it is only one sentence over and over again, “There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His messenger.”

In the meantime, he has worked the fire with his bellows to a glow, and made white-hot several iron rods about two feet long, and with wondrous knobs and hooks at the end. The sick man lies down on his face and draws up his clothes from his back; the passers-by collect into a crowd; the doctor draws a red-hot iron from the fire, and saying, “In the name of God,” passes it with great deliberation here and there over the back and loins, so that it makes a hissing noise, and a smell of burnt flesh ascends into the air. The patient does not utter a cry: he grinds his teeth together, and only the drops of sweat upon his forehead betray the pain he undergoes.

The operation being over, he lies for some time upon the ground, as if in a fainting state; the spectators pass their beads through their fingers and praise God and Mohammed. Presently the man turns his head and says, “Si-Edris, Si-Edris!” “What do you want?” “Another fire.” “Then give me my due,” replies the doctor. The patient produces a moseña (about the fourth part of a groschen) from a fold of his clothes, and the operation is renewed. Si-Edris is always paid in advance, and will never permit any disputing as to his fee.

For this rough and ready cure, which he allows to be attended in some cases with good results, Dr. Rohlfs substituted what he called the “cold fire,” *en-nar-bird*, or lunar caustic, with such success that his colleagues began to threaten mischief, and he had to give out that his stock of cold fire was exhausted. Surgery is in a far more advanced state in Morocco than medicine, as our author had occasion to recognize with gratitude. His arm having been all but cut off, and hanging by skin and muscle only, when he was robbed and left slashed with many wounds by a rascally guide in the Draa oasis, he himself, on recovering his senses, called for amputation. This being forbidden by Mahomedan law, his saviours set and bound up the limb with cane splints and a bandage of goatskin, smeared over with clay, which rapidly hardened, a thorough cure being the result.

Besides these particulars of his professional experience, Dr. Rohlfs's book abounds with incidents of Moorish life and manners, in addition to statistical facts and figures connected with the government, the political and social condition, and the financial resources of Morocco, which make it altogether the best summary of information concerning a country very little known.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

BOTH those who have and those who have not read Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical essays in their separate form will be glad to see them collected. In these days of works of fiction written at a speed necessarily reckless, and read as it were by flashes of lime-light, it is good to find a writer who has the power and the will to go deep into the productions of imaginative literature which require, as they deserve, real study, and who gives us in unblemished English the impression made by such study upon his mind. This the author of *Hours in a Library* has done. He begins with De Foe, and by a careful analysis arrives at the secret both of that author's wonderful power of making fiction at the same time so vivid and so matter-of-fact as to appear absolutely true, and of the immense superiority of *Robinson Crusoe*, in so far as regards popularity, over its writer's other works. “To De Foe,” says Mr. Stephen, “if we may imitate the language of the *Arabian Nights*, was given a tongue to which no one could listen without believing every word that he uttered.” Having paid this tribute to De Foe's certainly great power in the line of making what is perfectly false seem absolutely true, Mr. Stephen goes on to dissect this power as one might dissect a puzzle, showing how carefully and yet how simply the pieces are combined to produce the proper effect. When this is done, it appears that the favourite devices which the author employed were first to knit together a chain of evidence corroborative of his story, so artfully forged that in following up its links the reader

forgets that the whole line in fact starts with an unknown and undisclosed narrator; secondly, to throw in little bits of detail so probable yet unimportant that by their cumulative force they give an irresistible impression of the whole tale being an accurate account of the truth; thirdly, in some instances to throw a slight touch of discredit upon the story in the tone of an impartial bystander. This third method is by far the most refined, and, when judiciously employed, by far the most effective of the three devices. The well-known ghost story of Mrs. Veal is selected as being the most convenient specimen of the author's peculiar talent. That there is nothing very terrible in the ghost which is raised will be readily admitted, but one may question the assertion which is made in conjunction with this, that all Lord Lytton's spiritual beings share the same quality of vulgarism. Surely the fantastic grandeur of *Zanoni* should be weighed against the less poetical terrors of the *Strange Story*. Mr. Stephen maintains that the apparently undue share of popularity which has fallen to the lot of *Robinson Crusoe* is deserved, and he explains it by very sufficient reasons. De Foe was a writer whose characters were wonderfully real, but he seldom attempted to take their reality deeper than the surface of events, and relied on their actions rather than on their feelings to lend them life. In *Robinson Crusoe* the events treated of possessed in themselves an intense and unique interest. The horror of solitary confinement on an island speaks for itself; in the *Life of Colonel Jack* the interest which a more poetical writer would have infused by dealing with the mental horror occasioned by a life led among thieves is wanting. Besides this, the history of *Robinson Crusoe* had in it some elements of autobiography; many of Crusoe's sufferings on the island represented the author's own sufferings in prison; and it is natural that a writer of De Foe's class of mind should be at his best when describing his own experiences. Mr. Stephen's judgment of De Foe, that he was “a man of very powerful but very limited imagination, able to see certain aspects of things with extraordinary distinctness, but little able to rise above them,” seems to hit the truth exactly.

After De Foe comes Richardson, of whom Mr. Leslie Stephen has already observed that, as De Foe's novels are simply history *minus* the facts, so Richardson's are a series of letters *minus* the correspondents. Perhaps the fact of these novels being narrated through the medium of correspondence must partly account for the small degree of attention bestowed upon them by readers nowadays. To persons accustomed to receive half a dozen letters every morning there is something appalling in the idea of a single one which fills several pages of print. Richardson attributed to his characters a power of letter-writing which was extravagant and inordinate even in his days; for, as Mr. Stephen points out, Miss Byron in three days covered no less than 96 pages. Mr. Stephen dwells upon the novelist's skill in the accumulation of small incident, in filling in his story with the minuteness of a Dutch painter, and yet gradually developing one central idea, as being a great source of his success. He points out also the feminine character of his mind, which, a necessary component of genius, was in him perhaps over-developed; and, analysing the character of Sir Charles Grandison, that sublimest of prigs, he arrives at the conclusion, which few will dispute, that in spite of his pomp and ceremony we feel a certain affection for him. It is true, however, that it is hard to give credit for mastery over his passions to a man who has none. Just as Sir Charles's virtue is overlaid, so is Lovelace's villainy. His wickedness is so continual, so vast, and also at times so purposeless, that one ceases to believe in its reality. Mr. Stephen finishes his notice by a fanciful process which yet has much truth in it, of building up an imaginary Richardson out of a great French novelist placed in Richardson's circumstances. At first sight nothing could be more unlike than a French writer of romance and the historian of Clarissa Harlowe; yet the author ingeniously succeeds in establishing a considerable resemblance.

Two essays which should be taken together follow this; the first on Pope as a moralist, the second on Mr. Elwin's edition of Pope. It is certainly a misfortune that Pope should be so little read and appreciated as he is at the present day. Yet there are lines of his which have passed into proverbs, quoted daily by men of education who have no idea to what source they owe these convenient epigrams. It has come to pass that the poet who raised his voice with such striking effect against the march of dulness is now himself accused of that vice; but it is probable that those who make the charge know nothing of Pope's writings. Those who take the trouble to read the extracts which the author of *Hours in a Library* makes, and his comments upon them, will, it is to be hoped, be induced to take yet more trouble and find how well they will be repaid for it in reading some one of Pope's works in its entirety. Mr. Stephen complains that Mr. Elwin seems to have gone to the trouble of editing Pope with the express purpose of depreciating him; that he dwells bitterly upon the faults which Pope really had, and manages to add to them a good many which he had not. Admirers of the poet will, however, find his reputation amply vindicated in Mr. Stephen's essay. It is with less pleasure that many people will read what is said of Sir Walter Scott. Even those who never read the novels of that master of romance yet retain a kind of dim reverence for his name and power. The process of pointing out the defects of an object of worship is, like many useful processes, an unpleasant one, especially to worshippers. In these days, too, one is thankful to have something to worship, and one cannot help regretting that Mr. Stephen did not leave such glory as remains to Scott untarnished by a too curious criticism. Of course the sting of what he says lies in its truth; it is impossible to deny that Scott's heroes were

* *Hours in a Library.* By Leslie Stephen. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

generally little better than pegs to hang fine talk on; but then it really is fine talk. However, Mr. Stephen leaves it an open question whether "the firmer parts of Scott's reputation will be sufficiently coherent to resist the destroying power of time after the removal of the rubbish."

The genius of Hawthorne, who is perhaps as great a contrast to Scott as can be found, receives full acknowledgment at the writer's hands. The power which in Scott is associated with open air, and grey hills, and healthy dalesmen, is kept by Hawthorne half veiled in a dreamy land of delicate fancy, saved from unreality by the author's keen perceptions and artistic skill. None but a man of peculiar genius and great artistic power could throw such a glamour of mystery over everyday objects, and yet preserve their actual existence distinctly to our view. No one else could safely hover as he does on the confines of extravagance and impossibility, yet retain the reader's belief in what he related. Mr. Stephen has a theory that Hawthorne's poetry was fostered rather than checked by his living in an unpoetical country, and this sounds probable enough. But it is carrying this theory too far to say that the surroundings of Rome are "too romantic for a romance"; that Hilda's poetical tower in *Transformation* is really less poetical than Phœbe Pyncheon's garret. A slight exaggeration of this would lead to the assertion that a kitchen would make a better background than a court for the figure of Hamlet. Again, the writer does the *Twice Told Tales* but scant justice when he compares them to Brummell's failures. They have neither the full grace nor the full power of the author's later and completer works; but they will be thought by his admirers to have far greater interest than that which undoubtedly they do also possess, of "illustrating his intellectual development." Mr. Stephen, speaking of Hawthorne's love of dim twilight phantoms and misty half-supernatural influences, gives a good description of his peculiar method, and contrasts his style with that of Edgar Poe:—

This special attitude of mind is probably easier to the American than to the English imagination. The craving for something substantial, whether in cookery or in poetry, was that which induced Hawthorne to keep John Bull rather at arm's length. We may trace the working of similar tendencies in other American peculiarities. Spiritualism and its attendant superstitions are the gross and vulgar form of the same phase of thought, as it occurs in men of highly-strung nerves but defective cultivation. Hawthorne always speaks of these modern goblins with the contempt they deserve, for they shocked his imagination as much as his reason; but he likes to play with fancies which are not altogether dissimilar, though his refined taste warns him that they become disgusting when grossly translated into tangible symbols. Mesmerism, for example, plays an important part in the *Bithedale Romance* and the *House of the Seven Gables*, though judiciously softened and kept in the background. An example of the danger of such tendencies may be found in his countryman, Edgar Poe, who, with all his eccentricities, had a most unmistakable vein of genius. Poe is a kind of Hawthorne and *delirium tremens*. What is exquisitely fanciful and airy in the genuine artist is replaced in his rival by an attempt to overpower us by dabbings in the charnel-house and prurient appeals to our fears of the horribly revolting. After reading some of Poe's stories one feels a kind of shock to one's modesty. We require some kind of spiritual ablation to cleanse our minds of his disgusting images; whereas Hawthorne's pure and delightful fancies, though at times they may have led us too far from the healthy contact of every-day interests, never leave a stain upon the imagination, and generally succeed in throwing a harmonious colouring upon some objects in which we had previously failed to recognize the beautiful. To perform that duty effectually is perhaps the highest of artistic merits; and though we may complain of Hawthorne's colouring as too evanescent, its charm grows upon us the more we study it.

Seldom has a description been more happily hit off in a few words than that which we have here emphasized by italics.

There could hardly be a more strongly marked transition than from the delicate, refined, kindly play of Hawthorne's fancy to the bitterly cynical power of Balzac, who was quite as fanciful as Hawthorne, but fanciful in a very different way. Both lived and wrote in a kind of dreamland, but Balzac's dreams were nightmares. He created a world of his own, which he placed in Paris, and peopled with imaginary horrors and monsters to which he had the secret of imparting a terrible reality and life. He added a little, it may be, to this air of reality by introducing the same characters over and over again in his books, a habit which probably arose from his own complete belief in their existence:—

He did not so much invent characters and situations as watch his imaginary world, and compile the memories of its celebrities. All English readers are acquainted with the little circle of clergymen and wives who inhabit the town of Barchester. Balzac had carried out the same device on a gigantic scale. He has peopled not a country town, but a metropolis. There is a whole society, with the members of which we are intimate, whose family secrets are revealed to us, and who drop in, as it were, in every novel of a long series, as if they were old friends.

And this intense belief in his own creations cannot, we think, but save him altogether, as Mr. Stephen admits that it does in part, from the suspicion of trying to impress the reality of his characters upon his readers by resorting to De Foe's trick of throwing in superfluous bits of information concerning them. What De Foe did in a spirit of falsehood, Balzac seems to have done in a spirit of enthusiasm. If it was a trick, certainly it was trouble thrown away, for so convinced are Balzac's readers of the truth of what he says that, as Mr. Stephen remarks, "Every one must sympathize with the English lady who is said to have written to Paris for the address of that most imposing physician Horace Bianchon." With those of Balzac's performances which tend to extravagance the writer seems to have little sympathy. He twice stigmatizes the *Histoire des Treize* as "a ludicrous melodrama." Melodramatic it certainly is in a sense, but one is inclined to consider it terrible rather than ludicrous. The melodrama certainly rises to tragedy in the story of the Duchess de Langeais. The author points out that the great

majority of Balzac's novels are records of some martyrdom. He takes as a case eminently in point *Le père Goriot*, who has been compared to Lear. But, as he observes, Lear is never contemptible. "Goriot is not only dragged through the mud of Paris, but grovels in it with a will. . . . With less expenditure of horrors he (Balzac) would excite our compassion more powerfully. After a time the most highly-spiced meats begin to pall upon the palate." Mr. Stephen, in summing up Balzac, comes to the just conclusion that the *Comédie humaine* is a collection of monstrosities rather than of human beings; that the work is intensely powerful, but is not the highest kind of power. "Balzac represents a special phase of manners, and that not a particularly pleasant one." More than that, it was a purely imaginary one, and there is comfort to be found in this reflection when one has shuddered over some of Balzac's horrors.

De Quincey completes the series of *Hours in a Library*. The writer begins by a reference to the opium-eater's odd habits, or rather want of habits, in his life. One characteristic anecdote of him is that he went once to stay for a night with Christopher North, and stopped a year. This was after he had taken to opium as a constant resource, but even in his boyhood, both from his own accounts and those of others, he seems to have been a strange morbid creature, little fitted to battle with the world as it is. Mr. Stephen's essay is occupied in great part with discussing De Quincey's claim to a super-eminent mastery of the English language, and he certainly disputes that claim with great success, although he fully admits the wonderful music and beautiful cadence of De Quincey's prose. That prose ought to be employed as a musical instrument is with a great deal of reason denied. Yet its employment in that manner led to a great deal of beautiful writing by De Quincey, and by one author who has in that respect followed in De Quincey's tracks—Mr. Disraeli. In *Contarini Fleming*, especially, the capabilities of prose are turned to a most musical use; and there is one passage in that book wherein the author, speaking in the character of Contarini, and it may be presumed in his own also, distinctly asserts that prose properly handled may become yet more forcible and musical than poetry. Mr. Stephen assails De Quincey's reputation as a humourist and a logician as mercilessly as he does the position which Mr. Elwin assumes with regard to Pope. This no doubt will be a blow to violent admirers of De Quincey, though not so great a one as the too contemptuous sentence with which Mr. Stephen concludes. Partisans of particular authors will find plenty to rouse their defensive valour in *Hours in a Library*; they will also find plenty worth attending to. The book contains much acute and thoughtful writing, and not a little of a yet rarer quality—wit.

CLARKE'S MEDICAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

MR. CLARKE introduces his "Autobiographical Recollections" by a modest preface, in which he disclaims any literary merit for the papers thus reprinted from the *Medical Times and Gazette*. He has, he says, preferred the "discursive and gossiping style" to the "more elaborate and ornamental." We have no doubt that his preference was quite right, and we could wish that it were shared by a larger number of writers. The more simple the style the better it is fitted for the conveyance of personal gossip. Neither is it true, as Mr. Clarke seems to assume, that a simple style implies the absence of literary merit. We do not think that his pages would be improved in a literary or any other sense by being starched and stiffened into respectability. He can tell an anecdote or describe a character with great liveliness, and it is probable that he would only have spoilt his book by translating it into newspaper English. As it stands, it is a pleasant collection of incidental remarks about the medical celebrities of the last half-century which will be amusing to outsiders, though perhaps more specially suited to members of his own profession. We are unable to say how far the anecdotes have the merit—perhaps a questionable merit in regard to anecdotes—of servile fidelity to facts. Here and there we suspect that Mr. Clarke might be caught tripping. We may remark, for example, that it is hardly possible that Gibbon should have dedicated the *Decline and Fall* to the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland, and that the "illiterate old rogue" should have said to the historian, on receiving his seventh volume, "What, another damned big square book, Mr. Gibbon?"—inasmuch as the "Butcher" died eleven years before the publication of the first volume. Another familiar anecdote which Mr. Clarke recounts from a familiar work offers a curious example of the way in which such stories grow. When Dr. Johnson was haunted with his belief in ghosts, says Mr. Clarke, he declared that he had seen the apparition of old Cave, and, on being asked to describe "the appearance of the apparition," said that it was a kind of shadowy being. The story, as it stands in Boswell, is that Johnson said that Cave had seen the shadowy being. While Mr. Clarke is discussing the meaning of a modern superstition, he is thus unconsciously giving an illustration of the mode in which the evidence of such superstitions is manufactured.

For the most part, however, Mr. Clarke confines himself to matters with which he was personally familiar, and there we have no reason—except a general incredulity as to the truth of amusing stories—for doubting his accuracy. Mr. Clarke was for many years connected with the *Lancet*, and he has much to tell of the war-

* *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession*. By J. F. Clarke, M.R.C.S. London: J. and A. Churchill. 1874.

fare which that journal carried on against the authorities of the profession in its days of youthful indiscretion. He had great opportunities for seeing the eminent physicians of the time, and gives a curious picture of medical life as it was some forty or fifty years ago. The gossip of medicine is probably less familiar to the general public than the gossip of the other learned professions. The disputes of clergymen are mixed up with movements which are of such vital interest to the world at large that everybody knows something about the leaders. All decently educated men have heard much about the Clapham Sect, about the early Tractarians, or about Essayists and Reviewers. Though there is a whole world of legal gossip which seldom penetrates beyond the limits of a bar mess, the history of the great lawyers is intimately connected with the political events of the time; and we are all bound, on penalty of admitting a shameful ignorance, to profess familiarity with the careers of such men as Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Campbell. But doctors live for the most part in a little world of their own. They quarrel at times with all the bitterness of scientific disputants. They sometimes manage, like all other people, to wash their dirty linen in public; and call in the outside world to sit in judgment upon some case in which a patient has died under the knife, or a sane man been locked up in a madhouse. But such scandals are fortunately rare; and under other circumstances we are apt to regard a doctor as something to be brought out in case of emergency, and to be thought about as little as possible on all other occasions. We are glad to know that scalpels and medicines exist in the world somewhere, but the associations which they excite are not so pleasant that we should wish to dwell upon them unnecessarily. For some such reason the names of Liston and Elliotson and Sir Astley Cooper were probably less known to the general public than those of men of equal eminence in other walks of life. We will therefore merely pick out one or two of Mr. Clarke's anecdotes as samples of the book, and leave our readers to make further acquaintance with it if they think the selection promising.

Mr. Clarke was born at Olney, and has an anecdote or two of no great importance to relate of Cowper. He was sent to school in Walworth, a district now covered with bricks and mortar. At that period, however, it was still almost country; and one lucky day one of the masters whilst walking through the grounds found a cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. The fact was noticed in the papers; and it is a striking proof of the intelligence of the ordinary British parent that the number of scholars was consequently doubled in a single year. The process of reasoning by which a man convinces himself that his son ought to go to a school because a cuckoo has been found in a nest on the grounds might repay investigation if we had space for the inquiry. Mr. Clarke afterwards went through the usual course of training, and gives us an amusing account of some of his teachers. The medical student of those days belonged to the class which is happily becoming traditional. Mr. Clarke describes how Dermott, lecturer at the Gerrard Street School of Anatomy, used to begin his lectures unpunctually, having frequently to wait for the entrance of a noisy body of students singing "See the Conquering Hero comes," and displaying the knockers and other sports of the past night. Dermott, we are assured, always insisted upon strict decorum after these young gentlemen had arrived; but he often invited his class to drink punch at his own house, and used to inform them that, if any of them were intercepted on the way home, he always made it a point to sit up in order to be ready to give bail. "Unfortunately," adds Mr. Clarke, "this promise required to be often acted upon, and it is to the honour of Dermott that he never failed to fulfil it." Another lecturer was in the habit of eking out his time by an ingenious expedient which may be useful to professors. After recounting the circumstances of a case at the hospital, he took a list from his pocket and read the names of a hundred and fifty students who had attended his practice. Such a host of witnesses, he said, proved that his treatment must have been correct. In spite, however, of these little failings, Mr. Clarke tells us that both these professors were competent teachers of the art. Soon after entering the profession Mr. Clarke became reporter for the *Lancet*. At that time Wakley was the editor, and imitated the slashing style of his friend Cobbett. The language used was brutal in the extreme. Wakley was in the habit of giving to his enemies such nicknames as "owl," "cocksparrow," and "oyster," and employing "adjectives of the most offensive kind." Some years before Mr. Clarke's connexion with the paper the abusiveness of the *Lancet* had led to the once celebrated trial of Cooper v. Wakley, the defendant having charged Mr. Bransby Cooper with the grossest mismanagement of a serious operation, resulting in the death of the patient. The ill-feeling thus caused was ruinous to two or three of the people concerned; and Mr. Clarke had naturally a good deal of jealousy to overcome when he appeared as representative of the obnoxious journal. Gradually, however, he overcame the objection; and he now tells the story of the various quarrels of those days with perfect impartiality and good feeling. On one occasion his duties brought him into serious trouble. He had written a report tending to show the gross incompetence of the senior consulting-surgeon of the Westminster Hospital. The surgeon retorted by an address to the students, advising them, in case of the reappearance of the obnoxious reporter, to drive him from the hospital with "large sticks," but not to do him "much bodily harm." Mr. Clarke, however, attended a meeting of the governors of the hospital a few days later, when he was attacked in the hall by a body of students. One of them seized and tried to throw him over the stairs, but Mr. Clarke, having in his hand a small umbrella with a sharp ferule, judiciously gave his antagonist a thrust in the eye,

and thus forced his way triumphantly into the board-room. The governors administered a reproof to the assailants, who promised not to repeat such a performance in the hospital; but as soon as Mr. Clarke got outside the hospital they gave chase, and he only escaped by the assistance of some friendly coalheavers.

Mr. Clarke describes various other disputes in which he took a more or less conspicuous part. He describes the unfortunate catastrophe of Elliotson's experiments in magnetism; the scandal which took place at the Westminster Hospital some thirty years ago owing to a dispute between two rival cliques; the singular disagreement of the highest authorities at the North London Hospital; and the controversies into which Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Knox, best known to general readers in connexion with the Burke and Hare cases, were plunged. His general moral from these experiences seems to be that all quarrels do harm, and that the character of the profession has been much lowered by them in the eyes of the public. By a logical process which we do not quite understand, he connects this evil with the rise of his special aversion, the system of "specialism." We should have thought that other causes might be assigned for a tendency which is not peculiar to the medical profession; but at any rate Mr. Clarke illustrates amusingly enough the nature of the evil which he denounces. The most striking embodiments of this mischievous system was the aurist Curtis, who, after enjoying a large income for a time, died in poverty some years ago. Curtis, according to Mr. Clarke, knew nothing about the ear, but advertised himself into popularity by starting a dispensary and by publishing as his own lectures which he had bought from other people. His various devices for attracting notice were simple but ingenious. He put gigantic models of the ear in his waiting-room, though he was profoundly ignorant of its anatomy, and he had a listening-tube connecting the waiting-room with the consulting-room by which he could obtain useful information without the knowledge of his patients. He seems to have disclosed his methods with singular frankness to Mr. Clarke. On one occasion, he said, he was called in to Sir Robert Peel, and found him sitting with some distinguished physicians. He began to syringe his patient's ear, when Sir Robert became unpleasantly inquisitive as to the nature of the complaint. Curtis was afraid of exposing his ignorance, and therefore, giving his patient a dig with the point of the syringe, said, "If you don't hold your tongue, I shall certainly do you a mischief." The patient was afterwards "as dumb as an oyster," and stopped his awkward cross-examination. Curtis's great reliance, however, seems to have been upon a splendid footman. So magnificent was this person that, by putting him on the box of his carriage, Curtis declared that he could get admission even to the Palace. He did, in fact, so Mr. Clarke tells us, manage by the help of the footman to impose upon the Duke of Cambridge, and through his influence to gain the right of calling his dispensary "royal," and announcing it as under the Queen's patronage. The magnificent footman, we are happy to add, seems to have been worthy of his patron. In after days, when poor Curtis was exploded and living in retirement at the Isle of Man, the footman was gatekeeper in Hyde Park and sent his old master a sovereign. Curtis would have stood worthily for a portrait in one of Dickens's novels; and there are several other sketches of Mr. Clarke's which may stand beside it. The book contains, indeed, a good many articles which were scarcely worth the trouble of reprinting; but it may be dipped into with the certainty of finding some amusing fragments.

BABINGTON'S HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.*

WE gave some account of the changes which had been made in St. John's College, and of the discoveries which were brought to light in the course of them, when Professor Babington put forth his first account of those discoveries in the *Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*. He has now worked up the history, including the matter of his former papers, into a small illustrated volume. We have now a fuller record of a very remarkable set of changes, not the least remarkable as showing how it often happens that the history of a building cannot be fully made out till its history has come to an end. Had it not been thought necessary to pull down and rebuild the chapel of St. John's College, the exact course of the changes which had so transformed the chapel itself and the neighbouring infirmary would never have been brought to light.

Professor Babington begins by setting himself to answer the question, "Why has St. John's College built a new chapel in a style two centuries older than the college itself?" His argument is that the old chapel, strangely transformed as it was, was still essentially a building of the earlier date, and that the present college, though in its present shape dating only from a charter of 1511, is to be looked on as continuing the earlier foundations which occupied the same site. "It is," he says, "as completely a continuation of the much older community which went by the name of the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, as our present municipal corporations of those which existed in the middle ages, for they have been several times dissolved and reincorporated, yet their continuity is never disputed." There is however this difference, that, greatly as the form of a municipal corporation may change, the objects which it at least professes are always the same, much more nearly the same than the objects pro-

* *History of the Infirmary and Chapel of the Hospital and College of St. John the Evangelist at Cambridge.* By Charles Cardale Babington, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A. Cambridge: Deighton & Co. London: Bell & Sons. 1874.

posed by a hospital, a monastery, a body of secular priests, and an academic college, though there is doubtless the ecclesiastical element running through all of them. It is more to the point that the new chapel is really in the same style as its predecessor, though its shape and its relations to the other buildings are quite changed. We believe that we have before now spoken of the building as it now stands; still we cannot help repeating our renewed impression that its peculiar arrangements are a mistake. The choir has much beauty of detail, it has perhaps as fine an effect as an unvaulted building can have, especially when the apsidal end specially cries for the vault. And it may be doubted whether the apsidal end is very well suited for a college chapel. It is hard to make it fit in well with the other buildings; it supplies a temptation to make the chapel, as in this case, stand too much apart, and not form one side of a quadrangle. The oftener too we see the building, the more strongly do we feel the mistake which has been made in the western part of it. It is neither one thing nor another. The new tower, after the model of that of Pershore Abbey, is a fine object in itself, and it is a special gain in the general view of Cambridge, where so few objects stand out in a marked way. But when we get close to it, within the college itself, it is a case of "Friend, thou hast no business here." There is an evident confusion between Merton College chapel, an unfinished cross church, with its transepts and tower, and chapels like New College, All Souls, and Magdalen, whose ante-chapels are in truth very short naves with aisles. The tower is, so to speak, central and western at once; the adjuncts to it on each side have externally the form, but not the proportion, of transepts, and inside there is something strange in what seems to be a lantern-arch with two arches and their pillar beneath it. To be sure there is something like it both at Strasburg and at Pisa; and at Pisa at least, no less than at St. John's, it is due to a confusion of ideas, or at least an attempt to do two things at once, to reconcile the arrangements of the basilica and of the central dome. If a college wants a bell tower, surely the detached campanile, as at New College and Magdalen, is the right thing. There is room for one at Cambridge also. St. John's has lost its chance, but a tower placed at some well-chosen point to group with the matchless chapel of King's College—placed therefore, as at Magdalen, not in a direction exactly parallel with the chapel—is a thing for which Cambridge has been waiting for four hundred years.

But though Professor Babington begins with a slight discussion of this point as to the style of the present chapel, his real business is with the history of the buildings which went before it, a history which he has now put into a complete shape. The foundation, as we have said, which has occupied this site for more than seven hundred years, has changed its nature several times, and the principal changes involved a reconstruction of the building. The first foundation in the twelfth century was for a purpose purely charitable; neither friars nor scholars were, or indeed could be, thought of. It was a hospital for poor and infirm persons, and as soon as it was able to raise for itself a stone building in the last years of the twelfth century, that building took the shape of one of those hospitals the surviving examples of which at Chichester and elsewhere are such a constant puzzle to those who do not grasp the principle of the ancient arrangements. The old or sickly inmates live under one roof in a long building opening into a chapel at the east end, so that they can attend divine service without going out of doors, and indeed, if need be, without leaving their beds. This original building survived till the building of the new chapel, which occupies part of its site. But, having been turned into a stable in the course of the sixteenth century, it was so changed and disfigured that its real nature was not understood, though a tradition half accurate, half inaccurate, called it the old chapel. It was not till it began to be pulled down to make way for the new chapel that its real purpose and the way in which it had been altered were clearly brought to light. Meanwhile, not long after this original building, a body of Austin friars was placed in the hospital for the purpose of looking after the sick and old people, and to them, about 1280, Bishop Hugh of Balsham added a third element in the form of secular scholars studying in the still young University. This incongruous union of poor and sick folk, Austin friars, and academical students does not seem to have answered. The scholars were presently moved elsewhere to form the germ of the society which so long rejoiced in the thoroughly mediæval-sounding name of Peterhouse, but which it seems to be the modern academical etiquette to speak of by the title of St. Peter's College, more stately indeed in sound, but having less about it of the true ancient ring. But the coming, first of the friars, and then of the scholars, called for the building of a place of worship on a greater scale than the little chapel at one end of the original hospital. Late in the thirteenth century a church sprang up after the usual type of the friars' churches—a nave and choir with a narrow tower, or at least a preparation for a tower, between them. This arrangement was as well suited to the purposes of the friars as the arrangement of the hall with the chapel at one end was suited to the purposes of the mere hospital. The tower conveniently cut off the choir, which the friars kept like a college chapel for their own devotions, from the nave where they preached to admiring congregations. Alongside of the friars' church the old hospital or infirmary with its chapel seems to have gone on, just as in a monastery on a greater scale the infirmary, with its church for the sick monks, stood alongside of the great minister. Thus we get the two buildings side by side, the original hospital and the somewhat later friars' church, both of which have perished to make room for the

new chapel, but the minute history of both of which remained hidden till it was brought to light in the process of destruction.

Lastly we come to the complete triumph of the academical element which Hugh of Balsham had in vain tried to bring in. Late in the fifteenth century the house of Austin friars was in some way, which Professor Babington does not more fully explain, "affiliated" to the University, being probably recognized as a college or hall for students who were members of that order, just as many monastic bodies kept halls or colleges in the Universities for the use of their own members. At Oxford the same order, the Austin friars, filled no small part in the history of the University, and have left their name in the phrase of "Austins." At Oxford the Austin friars lasted till the Dissolution, and in after times Wadham College arose on their site. At Cambridge they came sooner to an end. Notwithstanding the recognition of the house as an academical society, it had greatly decayed, and very few members were left in the early years of the sixteenth century; and in 1511 it was dissolved and created afresh as a purely academic body. Then naturally came further changes; the infirmary and its chapel were no longer needed, and the friars' church was recast to adapt it to the purposes of a college chapel. The same change had taken place some years before, when the conventual church of St. Radegund became the chapel of Jesus College. The friars' church however needed less change than the cruciform minister of St. Radegund to be adapted to its new use. In neither case was the long nave of the monastic church any longer needed. And in neither case had the founder any scruple as to cutting it short and applying part of it to secular uses. But while at St. Radegund the eastern part also was cut short by pulling down the aisles of the choir, the single-bodied choir of the Austin friars was excellently suited for the purposes of a college chapel, and was actually enlarged by the addition of chantries. On the other hand, the massive central tower of St. Radegund survived, while the slender tower of the Austin friars, if it was ever finished, must have vanished at this time. Both cases of transformation are good illustrations of the way, reckless as it seems to us with our antiquarian feelings, in which later founders dealt with the works of those who had gone before them in order to adapt them to their own ends. And when we look at the contemporary work in King's College Chapel, where every detail of the Perpendicular style is seen in its most exquisite perfection, one can hardly help wondering at the very plain and poor forms of the windows which were inserted both at Jesus College and at St. John's. In both cases the spirit of modern building and restoration has done much to wipe out the traces of the later founders. At St. John's the whole of the former buildings, of whatever date, have given way to a more stately chapel of our own times. At Jesus College the work has taken the form of undoing, as far as might be, the changes made by the later founder, and calling the church back to the state in which it was before St. Radegund's monastery began to decay. Both form two very interesting pieces both of architectural and of academical history. Professor Babington has given us a very minute and careful record of the changes which affected his own college. We should be well pleased to see a companion piece on the kindred history of St. Radegund from the same hand.

PRINCE SEREBRENNI.*

THERE can be no doubt that patriotic motives induced Count Alexis Tolstoy to write the historical romance known in Russia as *Aniaz Serebrenny*, and Princess Galitzine (Marchioness Incontri) to translate it for the benefit of English readers. But there can be as little doubt that the period of Russian history with which it deals is precisely that of which Russia has the least right to boast, that which it is the interest of Russian patriotism most discreetly to conceal from foreign eyes. It happens to be a period about which an exceptional amount of information has been contributed by English pens; in forming their opinions respecting it Russian historians have been to a great extent indebted to the narrative of one of the English eye-witnesses of the horrors by which it was marked. So gloomy a tale of tortures and executions as Sir Jerome Horsey revealed in the record of his travels cannot have failed to convey to English minds a most unfavourable idea of the far-off land the ruler of which so unsuccessfully attempted to obtain the hand, first of Queen Elizabeth, and then of Lady Mary Hastings. And it is probable that the absurd ideas of Russian barbarism which are still to some extent prevalent among us may be based on the just indignation which must have been excited in England, during the second half of the sixteenth century, by the recitals of the crimes to which Ivan IV. owes his designation of "The Terrible." With the exception of the annals of the Spanish Inquisition, there probably exists no such sickening record of cold-blooded atrocity as the history of the reign of that royal savage. It may be well for a philosophical Russian author—one who wishes to point the moral that the absolute power of an individual, utterly uncontrolled by fixed laws, is dangerous to a State—to dwell upon the ruin to which Russia was reduced by the paroxysms of senseless rage in which Ivan IV. indulged. But by a translator who wished to remove some of the prejudices which have long darkened English eyes so far as Russian merits are concerned, a more agreeable story might readily have been found.

* *Prince Serebrenni*. By Count A. Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Princess Galitzine. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

Nikita Romanovitch Serebrenni, the hero of the tale, is an anachronism. He is a modern sentimentalist, a "man of feeling" such as is to be found readily enough at the present day, but for whom a close search might have been made in vain during the troublous times in which he is supposed to move. A successful study of a Russian Boyar of that eventful period would have been of no slight interest, and the contrast between the comparative virtues of a favourable specimen of his class and the very decided vices of his royal master would have been sufficiently marked. But in order to heighten the effect Count Tolstoy has made his hero not only comparatively but positively virtuous—incapable, except under the influence of the strongest temptation, of the slightest wrong, and superior even to the ordinary weaknesses of mankind, save in the one respect of paying a somewhat too unreasoning obedience to the bloodthirsty maniac upon the throne. So simple and innocent is he that in the opening scene of the story we find him attacking a party of marauders belonging to the Czar's body-guard, and refusing to believe that they enjoy his beloved monarch's confidence. He has been away for years from his native land, and he does not know of the terrible change which has come over the sovereign whom he left gracious and sensible, but who has become in the meanwhile a merciless madman. And so, when he is enjoying an idyllic scene of pastoral life, gazing at the young men and maidens who are moving in the mazy measures of a rustic dance, and listening to its accompanying song, during the pauses of which his soul is cheered by the laughter of rustic innocence and the cooing of the plenteous village pigeons, his heart suddenly becomes hot within him on the mirth of the virtuous peasantry being interrupted by a party of "Apritchniki," or Muscovite Praetorians, who begin to carry off girls, and slash boys, and hang up old people. So he falls upon the intruders with his armed followers, and thus gives rise to an hostility which pursues him through the rest of the story.

This opening scene is marked by many improbabilities, and the presence of similar obstacles to stage illusion makes itself unpleasantly perceptible throughout. But a novelist who deals with a remote and unfamiliar period has to grapple with many difficulties, and perhaps we ought rather to be grateful to him for what he has achieved than to call him to account for his shortcomings. There are several passages in the present story which are spirited and true to nature, and it is a more agreeable task to point them out than to criticize others in which the artist has failed in his attempt. Among the former may be classed the picture drawn by Count Tolstoy of the village of Alexandrova, the abode chosen by the Czar after his madness had grown upon him, when he fled from his capital to live among the infamous agents of his crimes, solacing himself partly by assisting at religious services, partly by watching the prolonged agonies or the death-throes of his numerous victims. We are shown the royal residence, separated from the other dwellings by a deep moat, covered from top to bottom by "gold, silver, and many-coloured tiles," and crowned by a bevy of dazzling cupolas. We see the courtyard filled with crowds of beggars "praying loudly, singing psalms, and showing their disgusting sores," while in striking contrast with them appear the Czar's dissolute soldiery, clad in "gold and silver tissue, or velvet embroidered with pearls and precious stones." And then we are introduced into the great banqueting-hall, where covers are laid for six hundred guests, and we see Ivan the Terrible slowly enter and take his seat in the royal armchair carved and adorned with pearl and diamond tassels. Then "about two hundred golden dishes with roasted swans" are brought in, followed by 300 similarly-treated peacocks, and the majestic banquet begins. A little later on we are favoured with another view of the royal maniac's abode, taken at the time when, as Count Tolstoy remarks, "Darkness came over the village. The moon rose behind the wood. The gloomy palace looked ghost-like with its numerous cupolas. It resembled some enormous monster coiled up and ready for a spring. One window alone was lit, and resembled the eye of the monster."

The best scene in the book is that in which two of those "brigands" who often played an important part in old Russian history, members of the marauding bands into which the cruelty of the monarch and his agents drove so many desperate men, find their way into the Czar's bedroom under the disguise of blind storytellers, and attempt to steal the keys of the dungeon in which Prince Nikita Romanovitch is immured. As the strangers mander on with their holy legends and their tales about the Estrafil-bird, and the beast Indra, and the stone Alaire, the Czar's terrible eyes close in feigned slumber, and the hands of his disguised visitors draw nearer to the spot where the keys hang at his bed-head, while through the window shines the lurid glare of the burning buildings which their associates have fired. Suddenly, just as one of the robbers is about to remove the keys, the Czar opens his eyes and meets the tell-tale glance of the pretended blind man. Up springs the terrible monarch in his wrath, and fells the detected impostor, whose companion effects his escape through the window into the night.

Another striking episode is that of the fight between a party of brigands and a roving band of Tartars. The actual fighting is not very vividly described, but the landscape before and after the conflict is picturesquely rendered. Still life suits Count Tolstoy's pencil the best; his figures are more in drawing while in repose than in action. Thus the wide plain is successfully depicted as it appeared just before the struggle, dotted with camp-fires round which sit groups of Tartars; their long spears stuck into the ground beside them, their horses grazing peacefully

under the care of a slender guard. The brigands glide through the tall grass, and set the steppe on fire to windward of the Tartar camp. The dark plain turns into a blazing sea; the Tartars are driven out of their burning tents, and fall by the swords of their assailants. A little later we see the steppe once more as desolate and still as it had been before the enemy arrived. Here and there grazes a Tartar horse, and from amid the scorched grass shines a fragment of armour. Above the banks of the little river the larks sing as merrily as before, and other small birds are flitting from bush to bush beside its stream, or perching upon the stray arrows which remain sticking in its soil.

The love story which runs through the book is not of a nature to distract the reader's attention from its sterner passages. Prince Nikita has long been attached to a worthy heroine, but during his prolonged absence she is induced to marry a respectable but aged Boyar, urged by her fear of being carried off by one of the Czar's dissolute minions. When Nikita returns she not unnaturally repents, and she indiscreetly lets him know that she does so. Soon afterwards she is really carried off by one of the many villains of the piece, the detested admirer whose unreciprocated attentions had forced her into an unwelcome marriage. Towards the end of the story a last meeting takes place between her, now a widow and a nun, and Prince Nikita, who is still constant to his early love. Nothing could possibly be more correct and edifying than the sentiments put into her mouth and his. At the end of the interview she "embraced him three times as a brother, without manifesting any emotion," and he rode away comforted by "the consciousness that he had never swerved from the path of duty." At the same time, however, "deep regret filled his heart, for he knew he would never again meet a kindred soul." It is interesting to compare the whole scene with Tourgueneff's treatment of a similar theme in *Lisa*. No two passages could more clearly show the immeasurable gulf which divides a man of genius from one who has a great capacity for taking pains.

From the somewhat commonplace forms of the creatures of the novelist's by no means exuberant imagination, it is a relief to return to the marked personality and vigorous vices of the historic Czar. And so, by way of concluding our notice of Count Tolstoy's well-meaning and elaborate attempt to illustrate in mosaic-work the darkest period of Russian history, we will refer to the scene in which he represents the Czar in his bedroom, tormented by the recollection of his crimes, perhaps by the effects of a roasted swan or peacock. We are shown the room lighted only by the lamps burning before the sacred images, and the moonbeams falling on the many-coloured tiles composing the low stove. A cricket chirps shrilly; a mouse is gnawing the wainscot. Presently the Czar awakes with a start. The floor seems to open, and before his terrified eyes appears an old noble whom he has recently poisoned, gazing at him with fixed eyes, uttering words of terrible accusation. The apparition vanishes, but after it follows a long train of shadowy forms, "monks, aged hermits, and nuns, all in black robes, and covered with blood," warriors seamed by fearful wounds inflicted by the Czar's executioners, "young girls with torn garments, and mothers holding babes in their arms," until the room seems "crowded with ghosts," and the monarch appears to be likely to take leave of the few vestiges of wits which his dissolute life has left him. The dead seem "to shriek and to hover round the Czar, like autumn leaves driven about by the wind." The rain falls in torrents, the wind howls, the ghosts gibber, and the Czar hears in fancy the last trump sounding, and a voice summoning him before the judgment-seat of God. With a wild shriek he rouses his servants. The bell is rung for matins, and in a few moments the church is filled with a most unrighteous congregation of ribald soldiers, in the midst of whom kneels their mad master, piteously praying to heaven for mercy, and beating his head against the stone floor. Far away into the darkness streams the sound of these nocturnal devotions, waking up captives in gloomy dungeons, whose chains rattle as they remark that the Czar is saying his prayers and hope that they will do him good, and startling little children, whose not unnatural howls are not silenced until their mothers threaten them with the vengeance of this tragic drama's First Murderer.

OWENS COLLEGE ESSAYS.*

THE volume before us is another specimen of the application of the co-operative principle to literature, already exemplified in some well-known cases. The book, however, differs from most of its predecessors in that the bond of union is supplied, not by community of subject or sentiment, but by the community of position of its authors. Owens College at Manchester has lately come into the possession of new buildings, erected at an expense of over 100,000*l.*, and is making praiseworthy efforts to extend the sphere of its utility. It has an able staff of professors, who have combined in this volume to give some sample of their various attainments. It is therefore to be reckoned as a merit that the contents are highly miscellaneous, and indeed treat more or less directly of most branches of human knowledge. The Principal, who is also Professor of Greek, opens by some appropriate remarks on the advantages of a comprehensive culture. Professor Roscoe follows in an interesting paper on "Original Research as a Means of Education." Two Professors of Natural Philosophy give results of

* *Essays and Addresses.* By Professors and Lecturers of the Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

recent inquiries into the physical constitution of the sun and its distance from the earth. The Lecturer in Geology discusses what is known of the past history of our planet. The Professor of Engineering enforces the necessity of an improved application of steam-power. The Professor of Natural History inquires into the bearing of our knowledge of primeval vegetation upon theories of evolution. The Professor of Physiology gives an historical sketch of the relations between scientific discoveries and the medical art. The Professor of Philology asks, and in some degree answers, the question, What light is thrown upon the prehistoric condition of mankind by the scientific study of language? The Professor of Oriental Languages gives an interesting and learned account of the Talmud. The Lecturer in French Language and Literature describes the old Provençal poetry and its revival in recent times. The Professor of Jurisprudence discusses the Judicature Act. The Professor of Political Economy protests in a very able argument against the proposed purchase of railways by the State; and, finally, the Professor of History discourses upon various schemes for assuring the peace of Europe. The only subjects conspicuous for their absence are theology and metaphysics. The absence need not be regretted; it is significant of the character of the College; and, if it deprives the volume of that spice of interest which is due to the *odium theologicum*, we need be in no want of obtaining supplies of the bitterest controversy to our heart's content in other publications sufficiently accessible to the general reader. The mind of a rapid reader is left in that state which supervenes upon attendance at a British Association meeting. He may possibly get into a confusion between the solar system and the English railways; or may suppose that Provençal poetry is to be found in the Talmud. But we need hardly say that a little care will obviate this difficulty; and there is, on the other hand, the advantage that each contributor deals with topics upon which he can speak with some authority. The literary merits of the articles vary widely; but none are positively unreadable, and several are excellent. We do not know that any of them illustrate Professor Roscoe's theories as to the beneficial influence of original research; and we may perhaps fancy that a band of professors, thus appearing in all the dignity of their official character, may be a little afraid of risking their character by novelties. The articles, however, show that the views impressed by the Principal as to the importance of a sufficiently wide culture may be fairly carried out in the institution over which he presides. If the students at Owens College do not distinguish themselves in many departments of inquiry, it is not for want of competent guides. It is, however, difficult to give any fair opinion of such a book, because the critic, unless he were a whole staff of professors rolled into one, could hardly be qualified to speak adequately of its contents. We may perhaps venture to say that, for the general reader who has the happy impartiality of ignorance, the most interesting essays will probably be those upon the Talmud and Provençal poetry, and Professor Ward's essay on the Peace of Europe. Professor Bryce, though he shows his usual clearness and vigour, discusses a subject which cannot well be made interesting to others than lawyers; and one or two of the scientific essays, which are otherwise excellent, are addressed to a still smaller number of readers. Without attempting to deal with the other essays, we will venture to make a few remarks upon the able contribution of Professor Ward.

Many philosophers have discussed the means by which universal peace was to be introduced into the world. The zealous advocates of the French Revolution in its first period generally declared their belief that the revelation of the new reign of reason was destined to put a final stop to wars; inasmuch as they were the product of the selfishness and stupidity of kings and aristocrats. Those expectations were not precisely realized. It is not, however, many years since Mr. Buckle demonstrated in the most conclusive manner that the warlike spirit was decaying, and that the time was rapidly approaching for the conversion of swords into ploughshares. Just at the present moment there seems to be some excuse for scepticism as to the accuracy of his reasoning. The Peace Society, however, is not altogether discouraged, and it continues to make speeches and pass resolutions which imply a hope that a system of arbitration will before long supersede the appeal to physical force. Anybody who expresses a doubt as to the efficacy of the plan is regarded by these amiable enthusiasts as a cynic who despairs of the progress of his race. No argument is very likely to convince them, but it is a pity to see so much zeal for the good of the race thrown away for want of a little appreciation of the true conditions of the problem. It may do them good to study the brief but able historical sketch in which Professor Ward traces the working of the political expedients hitherto adopted. The main purpose of his essay is to show the true nature of the "balance of power" theory, now generally described as an obsolete fallacy. And yet, according to Professor Ward, the balance of power theory during the period of its vitality had a decided tendency to make wars "less frequent, less protracted, less extended, and less uncertain in their issue than they would otherwise have been." The statesmen of the eighteenth century in desiring to preserve the balance of power were simply expressing the natural and proper tendency of the weaker nations to combine against the aggressive tendencies of any preponderating Power. The Treaty of Utrecht was the basis of the mutual relations of European States until the French Revolution, and on the whole was consistent with the true interests of the nations concerned. After the revolutionary wars, the treaties of Vienna again established a guarantee for the maintenance of the European system which worked tolerably well for

a time. Recently the Powers in whom the trust is reposed have been growing less scrupulous, and are much disposed to act for their own interests without regard to engagements of supposed sanctity. The true remedy for the evil lies, not in any of the nostrums suggested by philosophical or philanthropical theorists, but in a gradual enlightenment which may remove some of the causes of war and induce States to take a wider and loftier view of the old principle instead of abandoning it altogether.

Whilst we quite agree with Professor Ward's general view, and with the very sensible remarks by which he supports it, we should be inclined to adopt a rather different interpretation of history. The balance of power theory, as understood, for example, by William III., doubtless expressed a very rational policy. Whether it had so much influence for good as Professor Ward supposes, strikes us as being rather questionable. The balance of power doctrine may be compared with that doctrine of constitutional checks and balances which was popular in England at the same period. According to a good many theorists of that time, a perfect government resembled the situation in Sheridan's *Critic* where the two duellists are reduced to a deadlock by their fear of each other. The elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy were to be so judiciously mixed that each might neutralize the influence of the two other constituent parts. The theory as applied to independent governments was certainly more rational than as applied to a single organization; for absolute independence might be desirable in the first case, though, if fully carried out in the second, it could only be equivalent to anarchy. But both theories were natural in a period of political stagnation. When everybody was pretty well content with standing still, a creed which regarded equilibrium instead of development as the highest ideal expressed people's natural sentiments. Of course it broke up as soon as the revolutionary impulse made one part of the nation really anxious to alter the distribution of power. In like manner, the theory of the balance of power worked admirably so long as general politics were not disturbed by any strong passions, but it collapsed as soon as people really had something to fight for. In an epoch, that is, of stagnation it afforded a convenient pretext for preserving the peace; but it had no vital power in it calculated to restrain any vehement popular impulse. We should therefore regard the balance of power doctrine more as a result, and less as a cause, than Professor Ward seems inclined to do. The various treaties in which it was more or less embodied acted very well, as arbitration acts very well, so long as the parties to the bargain were sincerely anxious to avoid fighting; but they became so much waste paper as soon as any stronger motives came into play. We cannot therefore attribute much importance to this particular dogma, though we quite agree with Professor Ward's view of the judiciousness of the policy which it was invoked to sanction. It was perfectly right that England and Holland should be jealous of France under Louis XIV., and if they liked to describe the jealousy under the name of a respect for the balance of power, no harm was done. And in the same way, if the French view of the present Empire of Germany as an essentially aggressive Power, bent upon self-aggrandizement at any price, be accurate—a point which we need not discuss—some revival of the same sentiment is desirable. But this is little more than to say that it would be well if all nations would join to suppress selfish aggressiveness. Unluckily the doctrine is too easily perverted into the expression of a mere jealousy of the legitimate development of a rival Power, and in that case it savours rather of diplomatic craft than of an elevated policy. Professor Ward's account of the matter, however, is worth the attention of those who may be inclined to judge the wisdom of our ancestors rather too summarily.

BOSWELL.*

IN our recent review of *Boswelliana* we were forced by the length which our notice of the Memoir and Annotations had already reached to put off to another occasion any consideration of the anecdotes themselves. "There is some mystery," says Lord Houghton in his Introductory Remarks to the volume, "in the insertion of certain occasional Johnsoniana which could hardly have found their way into this collection if Boswell had at the time been keeping special memoranda of his great Oracle. They are not very numerous nor consecutive, nor do they imply that at the time they were taken down they were intended as portions of the *magnum opus*." Lord Houghton is scarcely correct when he says that the anecdotes that are common to both books are not consecutive. They are not indeed numerous; but, if we are not mistaken, at least half of them belong to the first ten weeks of Boswell's acquaintance with Johnson. At this time Boswell was "keeping special memoranda of his great Oracle." He mentions indeed, as Lord Houghton should have remembered, in describing his return with Johnson from Greenwich by night on the river, in July 1763, at the end of the ten weeks, that he was the more sensible of the coldness of the air from having sat up all the night before recollecting and writing in his journal what he thought worthy of preservation. And he

* *Boswelliana: the Commonplace Book of James Boswell. With a Memoir and Annotations by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., Historiographer of the Royal Historical Society, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and Corresponding Member of the Historical Society of New England; and Introductory Remarks by the Right Honourable Lord Houghton. London: Printed for the Grampian Club, 1874.*

goes on to add, in talking of the exertion he made during the first part of his acquaintance with Johnson, "I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the daytime." The week when he made this great effort likely enough fell between July 14 and July 21 of that year, the memoranda of which few days fill twenty-seven pages of the edition in ten volumes. We cannot pretend to offer any satisfactory explanation of the fact that Boswell kept double records—if, indeed, he did keep double records—of the same stories. It may have been the case that when he first met Johnson, while he was bent on recording his conversations, he was intending at the same time to form a general collection of good sayings, and that thus he entered certain stories in both collections. It may also be the case that the loose sheets on which *Boswelliana* are recorded were in certain cases the only notes he kept of Johnson's sayings. Be the explanation what it may, the curious fact remains, that, though the stories in both collections are in substance the same, yet most of them differ more or less verbally.

More than once in reading the Life the question has forced itself upon us how much of Johnson's reported conversations are his own and how much Boswell's. Wherever Boswell pretends to give Johnson's exact words, does he, even though he omits a great deal, show in what he gives the literal accuracy of a shorthand reporter? Or, on the other hand, while the thoughts are altogether Johnson's, is some part of the language in which they are expressed Boswell's? An answer to this may to some extent be found in a passage of the Life which, so far as we know, has escaped the notice of the commentators. Of the year 1780 Boswell writes:—

Being disappointed in my hopes of meeting Johnson, so that I could hear none of his admirable sayings, I shall compensate for this want by inserting a collection of them, for which I am indebted to my worthy friend Mr. Langton. Very few articles of this collection were committed to writing by himself, he not having that habit. I however found, in conversation with him, that a good store of Johnsoniana was treasured in his mind. The authenticity of every article is unquestionable. For the expression I, who wrote them down in his presence, am partly answerable.

It is quite clear from this that Boswell had, to use his own word, "Johnsonised" the stories with which Mr. Langton supplied him. His friend gave him the substance of what Johnson had said, and Boswell then gave it a Johnsonian turn. So Johnson himself in his early life had given an oratorical turn to the notes of the Parliamentary debates that had been taken down for him by Guthrie. Johnson no doubt, even at his first start, made a far greater change than ever Boswell did, for he could have supplied, and supplied with success, the greatest speakers, not only with words, but also with facts and arguments. Now Boswell, with all his great merits, was utterly incapable of imitating Johnson in the substance of what he said. Of that neither he was capable, nor was Garrick, or Goldsmith, or Reynolds, or Burke. As Gerald Hamilton said on Johnson's death, "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best. There is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson." But yet, just as Garrick, with his little body, could in a most ludicrous way take off Johnson's huge frame, so Boswell had, we have little doubt, a considerable power of taking off his style. He did not, we believe, trust solely to his memory, tenacious though it was, when he was reproducing Johnson's conversation. If his memory did not preserve the exact words, he would draw on his imagination for them. If we are justified in assuming that the stories given in the present collection, that are common to both books, were recorded in the *Boswelliana* at the time they were heard, then we have clear proof that Boswell to a certain degree changed the sayings of Johnson which he had collected. We have a remarkable instance of this in the two following stories from *Boswelliana*:—

Mr. Sheridan, though a man of knowledge and parts, was a little fanciful (*sic*) in his projects for establishing oratory and altering the mode of British education. "Mr. Samuel Johnson," said Sherry, "cannot abide me, for I always (*sic*) ask him, Pray sir, what do you propose to do?" (From Mr. Johnson.)

Dr. Rogers, by the way, has made a rather material mistake in his punctuation of this passage. Of course it should have run:—"Mr. Samuel Johnson said, 'Sherry cannot,' &c. The second anecdote is as follows:—

Boswell was talking to Mr. Samuel Johnson of Mr. Sheridan's enthusiasm for the advancement of eloquence. "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "it won't do. He cannot carry through his scheme. He is like a man attempting to stride the English Channel. Sir, the cause bears no proportion to the effect. It is setting up a candle at Whitechapel to give light at Westminster."

Now there is good internal evidence that these two anecdotes, as well as all the earlier ones, were recorded at the time they were heard. For in every one of them Boswell calls his friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, and not Dr. Johnson or Johnson. Boswell was abroad from August 1763 to February 1766. In his absence Johnson was complimented by the University of Dublin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Boswell, in the Life, writes:—"I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court." In none of the later anecdotes of *Boswelliana* do we find "Mr. Samuel Johnson." In the Life, however, these two stories about Mr. Sheridan are not only run into one, but they are also not a little altered. Boswell writes:—

He now added, "Sheridan cannot bear me. I bring his declamation to a point. I ask him a plain question, 'What do you mean to teach?' Besides, sir, what influence can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country by his narrow exertions? Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover to show light at Calais."

While the first of the stories seems to us to have been not a little improved, the latter has suffered to a far greater extent. Whitechapel and Westminster not only contrast far better than Dover and Calais, but they are sufficiently near to keep the absurdity from being too gross.

Some years later we find in the *Boswelliana* another anecdote about Mr. Sheridan:—

Dr. Johnson desired me to tell Sheridan he'd be glad to see him and shake hands with him. I said Sheridan was unwilling to come, as he never could forget the attack—half (*sic*) told him. "But it was wrong to keep up resentment so long," said the Doctor; "the truth is, he knows I despise his character; 'tis not all resentment; partly out of habit, and rather disgust, as at a drug that has made him sick."

In the Life the anecdote is thus given:—

Johnson said to me, "Tell Mr. Sheridan I shall be glad to see him, and shake hands with him." Boswell. "It is to me very wonderful that resentment should be kept up so long." Johnson. "Why, sir, it is not altogether resentment that he does not visit me; it is partly falling out of the habit—partly disgust, as one has at a drug that has made him sick. Besides, he knows that I laugh at his oratory."

We cannot but again suspect that the editor of *Boswelliana* has made a mistake, and has assigned a sentence to Johnson which was really uttered by Boswell. But, setting this aside, the anecdote, as given in the Life, has been not only softened, but has also received some verbal alteration. Johnson may have said, "He knows I despise his character" and "he knows I laugh at his oratory," but, though "old Mr. Sheridan" was dead when the Life came out, Boswell shows a certain kindly consideration by suppressing the severer of the two sayings.

To return to the earlier anecdotes, where we have good evidence as to the date when they were recorded. In the *Boswelliana* we have the following:—

Boswell asked Mr. Samuel Johnson what was best to teach a gentleman's children first. "Why, sir," said he, "there is no matter what you teach them first. It matters no more than which leg you put first into your breeches (*sic*). Sir, you may stand disputing which you shall put in first, but in the meantime your legs are bare. No matter which you put in first, so that you put 'em both in, and then you have your breeches on. Sir, while you think which of two things to teach a child first, another boy in the common course has learnt both." (I was present.)

This is thus given in the Life in a much more pithy form:—

We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. Johnson. "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the meantime your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

If in *Boswelliana* we have the exact report of what Johnson on this occasion said, Boswell may surely claim some small degree of merit for the still more pointed way in which it is given in the Life.

In reporting one of the numerous attacks which Johnson made on Ossian, Boswell in the Life considerably weakens its force. He says that "Dr. Blair asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, 'Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children.'" In the *Boswelliana* the story is thus told:—

Doctor Blair asked him if he thought any man could describe these barbarous manners so well if he had not lived at the time and seen them. "Any man, sir," replied Mr. Johnson, "any man, woman, or child might have done it."

At the same time that he has weakened what Johnson said by changing "any" into "many," he has made it in another way a greater exaggeration; for Johnson had not said (if are to trust to the authority of *Boswelliana*) that any child could have written the poems, but that any child could have described the barbarous manners. One of Johnson's sayings is by no means clear as it is given in *Boswelliana*, though it is easy enough to understand it as given in the Life:—

Mr. Samuel Johnson [we quote from *Boswelliana*] said that all sceptical innovators were vain men; and finding mankind already (*sic*) in possession of truth, they found they could not gratify their vanity in supporting her, and so they have taken to error. Truth (*sic* said he) is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull.

We may be quite sure that Johnson did not make such a confusion of images as this. If this is the only note Boswell retained of the conversation, he must have licked it into shape when he came to write his book; for in the Life we find it thus reported:—

"Hume, and other sceptical innovators, are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull. If I could have allowed myself to gratify my vanity at the expense of truth, what fame might I have acquired."

There is another story which is certainly more pointed as given in the Life than as it thus stands in *Boswelliana*:—

Boswell told Mr. Samuel Johnson that a gentleman of their acquaintance maintained in public company that he could see no distinction between virtue and vice. "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "does he intend that we should believe that he is lying, or that he is in earnest? If we think him a liar, that is not honouring him very much. But if we think him in earnest, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

How much better is this told in the Life:—

"Why, sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

We will venture to quote one more story as showing how Boswell could combine two sayings of Johnson into one. In *Boswelliana* he tells us, on the authority of Mr. Langton, that

Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of Edmund Burke. He said, "That fellow calls forth all my powers"; and once, when he was out of spirits and rather dejected, he said, "Were I to see Burke now, 't would kill me."

In the Life we read:—

Once, when Johnson was ill, and unable to exert himself as much as usual without fatigue, Mr. Burke having been mentioned, he said, "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me."

The change in itself is unimportant. It shows, however, that Boswell, to give a little more point to a saying, would not hesitate to depart from very strict accuracy. Had we space, we could point out further discrepancies between the different versions of most of the other stories. We have quoted enough, perhaps, to induce some future editor of the immortal Life to institute a yet closer comparison between the two books.

RECENT LATIN VERSE.*

IT may be a question how long the successful culture of Latin verse translation in our public schools is likely to last under the dispensation of "Governing Bodies," seeing that these appear less likely to attach weight to a Head-Master's skill in composition than to his political or economical views. Time was when the "traditions of a school" were not a cant phrase equivalent to the cry "To your tents, O Israel!", but implied rather the records of that intellectual prowess of which memorials are preserved in the *Sabrina Corolla* or the *Musæ Etonenses*. Can such prowess have free scope and encouragement when the successors of our Kennedys and Butlers are no longer, as they were described in the evidence taken before the Public Schools Commission, quasi-despots within their own sphere, but are liable to be distracted from their proper work by the necessary endeavour to please two distinct sets of masters—their colleagues who may rebel, and the Governors who may dismiss them? Nor is even this all. When the School Magazine or the Sixth Form Debating Society discusses the question of exchanging Latin verse composition for studies of more practical utility, the next thing to expect is a deputation to the "Governing Body," to be followed, after due importunity, by a measure of so-called reform which will seriously affect our scholarship and literature.

Hitherto our best scholars, critics, poets, and prose-writers have, more often than not, been able to point to eminence in this field. And that the day for it is not yet past is shown by the three fruits off an old and venerable tree which are now before us—three translations of well-loved English poems by scholars who represent the flower of the Cambridge prize-lists of thirty years ago, and of whom, whilst all bear practical witness to the admirable training of classical schools, two owe their pre-eminence as verse-writers to the "fausta penetralia" of Shrewsbury. In speaking of these works it may be convenient to compare them with rival productions by Mr. Calverley and Lord Lyttelton—the former of somewhat later date at Cambridge than Messrs. Paley, Evans, and Munro; but the latter nearly a contemporary, and one who there and since has well sustained the prestige of Eton scholarship. There is not one of the five who has not given sufficient proof of solid scholarship in the field of education or criticism; and it is unnecessary to cite the distinction of Mr. Paley and Mr. Munro as editors of classical works, in proof that their faculty of Latin verse, which a German professor would despise because it is beyond him, has not interfered with the production of more substantial contributions to literature. But it may be worth while to draw attention to one or two indications in the choice specimens of Anglo-Latin verse now claiming our notice, that skill in translation is no isolated or casual gift, useless beyond its immediate purpose, but rather one requiring nice perception of the beauties of the English language, and calculated to improve that perception for the best purposes of criticism.

In some respects Mr. Paley's is the most interesting of the three pieces before us. With a scholar's instinct he has reprinted *Lycidas* from the first edition of 1638, collated with the autograph copy in Trinity College Library, and this English text he has turned into Latin hexameters with as much closeness as seemed to him consistent with good taste and poetic feeling. And he tells us in his preface that he has purposely executed his version without examining those of Calverley and Munro, one of whom had been before him over the whole ground, and the other over a part of it. There is internal evidence of this in more than one place. One or two niceties of Mr. Calverley's rendering would have taken strong hold, we should say, upon a rival who had allowed himself the advantage of a preliminary glance at his competitor's work. Where Milton speaks of the bark in which Edward King was lost (v. 100) as

Built in th' eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark—

* *Milton's Lycidas*. With a version in Latin Hexameters by F. A. Paley, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1874. *Tennyson's Enone*. Translated into Latin Hexameters. By T. S. Evans, Professor of Greek and Classical Literature in the University of Durham. London: Bell & Sons. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1873. *Gray's Elegy rendered into Latin Elegiacs*. By H. A. J. Munro, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge University Press. 1874.

Mr. Paley's equivalent, "Structa atras inter diras lunæque labores," is tame besides Mr. Calverley's:—

Quam Furie struxere per interlunia, leto
Fetam et fraude ratem—*malos velarat Erinny.*

Here the italicized words are so happy an approximation to the original that they would have almost provoked a breach of the Eighth Commandment. Where, too, the poet makes "the Pilot of the Galilean lake" contrast the young swain he could have spared with those

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheephook,

honour's self could hardly have refrained from utilizing Mr. Calverley's plenary rendering of the pregnant appellation—"Capti oculis non ore"—which is so much more interpretative of the poet's mind than Mr. Paley's line

Ignavum vulgus, cæci, gens bruta, nepotes.

Again, where Mr. Munro also competes with the representatives of the Lady Margaret foundations there are internal proofs of Mr. Paley's independence of his two predecessors. Every one will recall the English lines (56-63) which chide the nymphs for failing to save Lycidas:—

Ah me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there, &c.

At "dream" in the original edition there is a note of admiration; and Mr. Paley translates the text of Milton as he finds it:—

Hei mihi! quid frustra fallentia somnia fingo?
Præsentem quid enim faceretis tempore tali?
Ipsa suo mater potuit succurrere nato
Pieris, atque alios mulcentem carmine prolem
Tutari? illum omnis doluit natura peremptum,
Cum turba raptus strepitante ferocem tumultu
Ora caputque cruentatum demitteret Hebro,
Hebrus et ipse ruens Lesbi portaret ad aras.

There is no very marked difference here between Mr. Paley and Mr. Calverley, except that the latter is clearer in his expression of the Muse's interference on behalf of her "enchanted sonne":—

Numquid Pieris ipsa parens interfuit Orpheï,
Pieris ipsa suæ sobolis, qui carmine rexit
Corda virum?

But when we come to examine Mr. Munro's version of this passage, in *Sabrina Corolla*, it will be found that the text from which he translates has no stop or note of admiration at "dream" in v. 56, and that he translates upon the plausible supposition that the poet means to express his vain regrets at the absence of the nymphs:—

Ah me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there" . . .

It is certain that there is no countenance to this emendation of the text in the original edition or in the autograph copy, yet it is worth while to see how felicitously the translation proceeds, on the hypothesis of such a reading:—

Hei mihi vos vana deceptus imagine fingo
Præsentem: quid enim præsentia vestra juvaret?
Musa quid ipsa, inquam, genetrix Orpheia juvit,
Quem doluit miserans Natura universa peremptum,
Tempore quo thiasus perterreptos ululatus
Ingemens dedit ora Hebræi velocibus undis,
Ora cruenta viri, portare ad litora Lesbi.

In the absence of authority the temptation would be strong to adopt Mr. Munro's punctuation, or non-punctuation, in the first and second lines. With an eye, he pleads, to convenience of metre, but also, it would seem, with the mind of a botanist, Mr. Paley has so far taken a liberty with the translation of Milton's text as to bring v. 147, "With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head," into juxtaposition with "the rather primrose that forsaken dies" of v. 142. No reader will need to be told that pinks, pansies, violets, and other flowers intervene in Milton's lines. The result of Mr. Paley's transposition is very satisfactory in translation:—

Huc veniat quæ nunc moritur deserta per agros
Primula vere novo, pariliq; illa altera formâ,
Demissi capitis luctus imitata decentes.

Mr. Calverley keeps his cowslip ("acerbo flexile vultu Verbascum") at a respectable distance from the primrose, its cousin; but we note that both are led to a periphrasis for the "pansie freakt with jet" in the same passage. Having regard to the etymology of pansy, *pensée*, Mr. Paley translates:—

Et follis carbone notata,
Nomen habeas luctus, et nominis æmula curæ;

whilst his rival is equally ingenious in grouping

Primula; quique ebene distinctus cætera flavet
Flos, et qui specie nomen detrectat eburnâ.

Not to devote undue space to *Lycidas*, though rendered by such competent hands, we shall but note that, whilst Mr. Calverley has the advantage of Mr. Paley in translating v. 187—

While the still morn went out with sandals gray—
Processit dum mane silens talaribus albis (C);
Aurorâ ponente silentem in gramine plantam (P)—

and v. 55—

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—
Nec quos Deva locos magicis amplectitur undis (C);
Magice aut ad flumina Devæ (P)—

there are single lines as well as longer passages where the latter distinctly excels the former. In the passage (25-8) where the poet

identifies his pursuits with those of Lycidas, Mr. Paley's rendering of the verses, "We drove afield—burnished wheel," is decidedly the best, to say nothing of his sounder interpretation of the first three words:—

In valles ambo simul et compellimus agnos,
Et simul æstivi stridorem audimus aselli,
Nocturno teneras pascentes rore capellas
Dum vespertino quod clarum fulserat igni
Sidus deveho currum inclinasset Olympo.

It is hard to conceive why Mr. Calverley translated "We drove afield," "Urgebamus equos ad pascua." But both versions are full of hints to the tiro who would achieve grace and ease in Latin verse translation.

Nor is it less instructive to compare the recent version of *Enone* into hexameters by Professor Evans with the earlier one of Lord Lyttelton (1857). Envious fate, as Cambridge men know, forbade Mr. Evans to attain the same high place in the Classical Tripos which Lord Lyttelton achieved, owing to the rule, long since abrogated, about a mathematical honour being a bounden preliminary to competing in the Classical Tripos. Yet it would be easy to show that he is always a match, sometimes more than a match, for Lord Lyttelton over the ground of *Enone*: and this, we think, especially where, as was noticed above, the task of translation requires the exercise of acumen in interpreting the original. Thus, where *Enone* represents Paris as saying

This was cast upon the board
When all the full-faced presence of the gods
Ranged in the halls of Pælus—

we incline to side with Mr. Evans in taking the "full-faced presence" as a sort of Græcism for "all the gods appearing without exception":—

Hoc mensæ jactum super incidit, omnes
Cum divi cœtu complens atria Pælei.

Lord Lyttelton takes the expression literally in his version:—

Dis amplo aspectu Pælei celebrantibus aulam.

But we are not so certain that he has hit the meaning of the original. In another passage (57, 58) this is less dubious. It is there said of Paris that

White-breasted as a star
Fronting the dawn he moved.

Mr. Evans translates this:—

Sidere candidior pectus sese ille ferebat
Obvius aurore,

connecting "fronting" with the hero, and not the star. Lord Lyttelton is as likely to be right in taking the opposite view, where he renders

Illum mox albo pectore, ut atras
Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,
Vidi affulgentem.

But, whichever way it may be decided, the case is one of nice interpretation, brought out by the touchstone of translation. Often the two run neck and neck, as where the one translates "the charm of married brows" (74) "superciliisque venusto federe junctus," and the other "Frontis amenam juncturam"; and sometimes Lord Lyttelton gets ahead of his rival, as when he turns "the golden bee is lily-cradled"—

Inter cunabula florum
Aurea dormit apis,

which is more simple and lucid than Mr. Evans's

Apis aurea cœsat
Liliæque intus habent cava clausam.

The fault of Lord Lyttelton, however, is his tendency to curtail the English original in his translation—making, for instance (see 128—31), two Latin verses of four English; whereas Mr. Evans, without being too expansive, adequately represents the text in his copy.

Had we space we could cite, as a very fine bit of translation, Mr. Evans's version of Juno's proffers to Paris (108—117), or, better still, the less attractive tender of Pallas (142—8), to which ought to be added vv. 192—202 of Lord Lyttelton's version as a set-off. But it is time to speak of what we regard as in many respects the most perfect of the three translations before us, certainly the hardest to match—namely, Mr. Munro's *Gray's Elegy*. Not long ago we noticed the Lord Chief Justice's version of this poem in Latin elegiacs, together with Mr. Justice Denman's Greek version, and there is a very happy translation to be found in the *Arundines Cami* by a scholar to whom Mr. Justice Denman and other lovers of the elegiac couplet owe their initiation. But candour bids us own that Mr. Munro has distanced all rivals both in his nice appreciation of the sense of his original and his happy transference of it into Latin numbers. An instance of this occurs to us in the lines

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned—

where the tendency of translators to shirk the very significant double epithet italicized. Mr. Justice Denman sets a better example in rendering the phrase *τὴν γλυκύτατον ἰδραν σώματος*, and Mr. Munro neatly and fully renders the meaning:—

Nam mute, quis omisit eum Se, victima lethæ,
Qui tot amaritie miscet amœna sua:
Destituit læti geniales luminis oras,
Nec flexit tamen os, expetiitque moram?

He is entitled to his own opinion also in interpreting the sense of
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

more literally, e.g.—

Et legere in populi vultibus Acta sua—

than either Denman or Macaulay, whose versions take a somewhat more personal form. The latter reads:—

Et scribi in populi vultibus "Urbis amor."

The former:—

λαοῦ τε στοργὴν μνημ' ἐρικυδέος ἔχων.

If we may judge from a comparison of various previous translations, a great "crux" of translators has been

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Mr. Munro's

Ductus ubi ale ingens et crustis fornicis apti
"Laudamus" retonans undat ubique sono

has a too learned look about it, and is not at the first blush very perspicuous; but the more closely it is examined the more it will be found to express the original in the neatest and fittest Latin. It is, however, but doing scant justice to so perfect a writer of elegiacs to exhibit his work in scraps. We will conclude with a more liberal extract (vv. 48—60, "Perhaps in this neglected—desert air"), simply italicizing what we consider the most notable beauties, and commending this and the other poems which we have noticed to the attention of the coming generation of Anglo-Latin versifiers:—

Forsan in hoc squalente loco neglecta quiescat
Mens olim atheria fœta calore facis;
Sceptra habiles tenuisse manus, vitæ deoque
Expergefactam participasse lyram.
Sed spoliis ævi large doctrina refertum
Noluit ante oculos evoluisse librum:
Aligda sublimis æstus compressit cœstas,
Adstrinxitque suo viciâ corda gelu.
Sæpe renidentes præclara luce lapillos
Antra maris, cæca nocte profunda, gerunt:
Sæpe rubor florum natus moriensque fefellit,
Æraque in vacuum perditus exit odor.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE able and learned work of Professor von Holst on the constitution of the United States* might, from the title, be mistaken for a mere theoretical disquisition. It is in fact a political history of the States since the attainment of their independence, from the point of view of the State Rights controversy alone, and hence neglecting everything that has no relation to this topic. As, however, this definition includes the subsidiary questions of slavery and the tariff, which from the strictly political point of view are chiefly interesting as branches of the State Rights problem, the work deals with the very marrow of the United States history, and is in no want of interesting and picturesque details. The first volume comes down to the termination of the "Nullification" controversy by the compromise of 1833. The first chapter contains the history of the events which preceded the definitive adoption of the Constitution, and the second is devoted to a criticism of that famous document from the point of view suggested by the subject of the work. The author's point of view is indicated by the heading of the chapter, "Canonisation of the Constitution." He seems much of the opinion of the South Carolina senator who remarked that the peculiar beauty of the American Constitution consisted in the provision it contained for the impunity of rebellion—that acts which elsewhere would be treasonable were with it within the limits of the law. The accuracy of this observation implies the right of secession, which, if we rightly apprehend the course of Professor von Holst's as yet incomplete course of reasoning, he would hold to be as defensible under the letter of the law as practically inconsistent with the conditions of national existence. The work has a distinct bearing on German politics, and the writer's cast of thought is manifestly affected by his own country's sorrowful experience of the perniciousness of the federal system of government when abused to the paralysis of all central authority. This turn of thinking may have led him to undervalue the merits of a Constitution which has unquestionably inspired a veneration unparalleled in the history of written legislative documents, and has withstood strains which would have been fatal to any other institution. Something of this vitality may no doubt be ascribed to the English genius for legal fiction, which has enabled all parties to maintain with apparent good faith that their interpretation represented the real spirit of the law. It must also be said that this reverence, like most enduring influences on national life, is to a great extent traditional, and may be compared with a Frenchman's devotion to "the principles of 1789," with the advantage that it is much more definite and intelligible. It may be said to date from the triumph, during the last decade of the last century, of those statesmen represented by Jefferson, who fervently believed in the Constitution as the perfection of human reason, over those represented by Hamilton, whose tendencies were secretly monarchical, and who had merely accepted it as a *pis aller*. This great contest forms the subject of Professor von Holst's third chapter; the next three are devoted to as many minor crises in the history of America when the pretensions of individual States

* *Verfassung und Demokratie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika*. Th. 1. Von Dr. Th. von Holst. Düsseldorf: Buddens. London: Williams & Norgate.

brought them into collision with the executive power; and the four following treat of the development of what Mr. Seward very truly designated "the irrepressible conflict" on the subject of slavery. The temporary adjustment of this incurable cause of dissension by the "Missouri Compromise" afforded opportunity for the outbreak of the "Nullification" controversy, remarkable for having carried the assertion of State Rights on the side of one of the parties to a pitch incompatible with any real central executive control. It is characteristic of the English race that the question thus perilously agitated was not brought to an issue for thirty years. The question of the continuance of the Union was, however, definitely raised, and the temporary adjournment of the inevitable crisis affords the historian a convenient resting-place at the end of the first volume of a deeply interesting work.

Herr Joseph Neuwirth* treats a technical and difficult subject in perhaps almost as clear a manner as it admits. If he has not made the mysteries of Austrian finance perfectly transparent to the uninitiated, it is fair to remember that he does not principally write for such, but rather as a representative of one of the parties concerned in the obstinate struggle described in his first volume. The soundness of his financial views would be generally admitted in England; but in Austria, the land of paper-money and uncontrolled speculation, the principle of the English Bank Charter Act is only upheld with great difficulty. Herr Neuwirth's first volume details the passing of the Austrian Bank Act in 1862, the financial controversies to which it gave rise, the suspension of the law in 1866, its re-establishment, and the eventful financial history of the following years, culminating in the great crash of 1873, when the Act was again suspended. The second volume is devoted to the history of this overwhelming disaster, which seems to have borne a close affinity to the English panic of 1866, being principally attributable to the excessive employment of capital in industrial undertakings and credit institutions. The liabilities thus incurred were greatly in excess of the available capital of the country, and the difference had to be made up by the manufacture of fictitious resources in the shape of promissory notes and of bills, which, as Herr Neuwirth puts it, instead of representing payment for a transaction concluded, were the first stage of new undertakings. The means for keeping up this spurious confidence were supplied by a number of new banks, most of which soon became actually, though not confessedly, insolvent. The recognition of this state of affairs, precipitated by the check given to business through the disappointment of the expectations entertained in connexion with the Vienna Exhibition, brought about a general *saute qui peut*. In Herr Neuwirth's opinion, sheer rascality had as much to do with the catastrophe as *bond fide* speculation, reckless as this may have been. The root of the evil, however, is to be found in the inconvertible paper currency to which Austria has been reduced for so many years. His volume contains a diary of the crisis, a copious analysis of its causes, and proposals for legislation with the view of checking the recurrence of similar disasters.

The drift of a very able and interesting work on Papal elections, by Dr. Ottokar Lorenz† is to establish that the recent exaltation of the Papacy over General Councils is but the culmination of a long series of encroachments upon the restraints imposed upon Papal omnipotence in primitive ages. So far from the period of primitive simplicity having been that of the most complete ecclesiastical independence, it is incontestably proved that, after the Roman Empire became a Christian State, the validity of a Papal election depended entirely upon the confirmation of the Emperor. The election itself was permitted to be perfectly free, but the Imperial right of sanctioning or annulling it was as unimpeachable as the electoral privilege itself. After the fall of the Empire of the West, the prerogative devolved upon the Gothic conquerors of Rome, and upon the recovery of Italy by the Byzantine Emperors it was exercised as a matter of course by the latter. We find Constantine Pogonatus delegating it for administrative reasons to the Exarch of Ravenna as his representative, evidently regarding it as a matter beyond the competence of the spiritual power. On the subversion of the Byzantine dominion by the German Emperors, it was expressly stipulated that no Pope should be consecrated without their assent. The remainder of Dr. Lorenz's volume records the long series of struggles through which Papal cunning and persistency have contrived to modify this arrangement, until at length nothing remains of it but the right of veto upon some particular member of the Sacred College still possessed, though rarely exercised, by the leading Catholic States. The logic of Dr. Lorenz's argument, however, conducts to the conclusion that the right of absolute veto is inherent in the Emperor of Germany as representative of the Roman Empire, and that accordingly the German Government, should it think proper, will be justified in regarding any subsequent Papal election as null and void.

A more recent, less attractive, but perhaps practically more important, chapter of the relations between Church and State forms the subject of Dr. Emil Friedberg's work on the law of episcopal election in Germany.‡ It is apparently the writer's intention to pursue his theme throughout the entire course of German history,

but, adopting a retrogressive method of procedure, he commences with the nineteenth century as the period of most practical interest at the present juncture. A further justification of this method may be found in the circumstance that the existing system is mainly determined by concordats ratified between the various States and the Roman See at the beginning of this century, which accordingly forms a convenient point of departure. The volume is divided into three parts. The first gives the history of the negotiations which led to the institution of the arrangements at present existing. The second treats individually of the several elections of bishops which have since taken place, constituting, as the author says, a graduated scale by which to measure the growth of clerical assumptions on the one hand, and, until recently, the gradual recession of the civil authority on the other. The third is an analysis and criticism of the law. A supplementary volume contains an appendix of documents, from 1807 to 1868. These, as a body, are sufficiently significant of the determination of the Pope to get the nomination of the German episcopate practically into his own hands, and suggest the idea that cathedral chapters, equally with secular governments, may have reason to complain of his usurpations.

If Baron von Reichlin-Meldegg* had been born thirty years later he would probably have been one of the leaders of the Old Catholic party. In 1832 this safety-valve for Liberal Catholicism did not exist, and the Baron, at that time an ecclesiastic and a professor in the University of Freiburg, became a Protestant upon being extruded from his own communion by his superiors. The action of the latter cannot be censured from their point of view, for the Baron's theology was already sufficiently advanced for him to contract an intimate alliance with Paulus, whom he describes in the most advantageous terms, and whose biographer he subsequently became. A slight show of persecution from the Government was due to the liberality rather of his political than of his religious sentiments, and he was soon accommodated with another professorship at Heidelberg. His character is very distinctly portrayed in his autobiography; it is that of an amiable, conscientious, and high-bred gentleman, not exempt from sundry harmless foibles, and by no means designed by nature to stir up dangerous commotions in Church or State. His conversion appears to have excited little sensation, and to have been attended by no public consequences. The book is a pleasing one from its kindly and charitable spirit, and its obvious sincerity; it is, however, meagre as a record of the intellectual history of the writer, and adds very little to our knowledge of the polity of the Roman Church in Germany. Italian tendencies are the chief ground of complaint, but we hear little definite about these except their general disposition to foster ignorance and bigotry; a charge certainly corroborated by the change for the worse which, since the period treated of by Baron Reichlin-Meldegg, has evidently affected the mutual relations of the clergy of the Catholic and Protestant communions. The most interesting feature of the book is the account of the various academies with which the writer has been connected as pupil or professor, which includes sketches of many distinguished men. The most remarkable portrait is that of the eminent Biblical scholar Hug, who, although a Professor of Catholic Theology, appears to have been an entire sceptic.

"A Youthful Life"† might have been entitled "Memoirs of an Egotist," so complacent is the writer's assumption of the reader's disposition to be interested in the most private details of his history. If the anonymous autobiographer should turn out to be a very great genius, the length of his reminiscences may be excused, though even then good taste would have suggested their reservation until they were called for. There is, however, no other breach of good taste in the book than is involved in the fact of its being undertaken at all, and the writer certainly possesses the first qualification for interesting the reader in his subject—the interest he takes in it himself. The *si vis me flere* precept is well illustrated by the vitality here imparted to an ordinary subject, the struggles of a shy and sensitive young man of musical inclinations, who, after being snubbed by Mendelssohn and patronized by Schumann, finally obtains leave to follow the profession of his choice, his success in which, we suspect, will prove to have been but mediocre. The book has, in fact, all the air of a literary supplement to a reputation insufficient for the gratification of the writer's self-esteem in his own especial department. It has of course its passages of sentiment, an affection blighted by death, and a friendship interrupted in a manner which says more for the narrator's prudence than for his warmth of feeling.

Herr Bratranek's edition of Goethe's unpublished scientific correspondence‡ is derived from the contents of nine portfolios found in Goethe's library, apparently designed for publication. The letters nearly all belong to the latter period of Goethe's life; some few are copies of his own replies to the writers, but the greater part are communications addressed to himself. The writers number a hundred, and comprise such eminent names as Blumenbach, Carus, Sömmering, Hufeland, Martius, and Windischmann. Twelve sciences are more or less fully discussed in the collection, which is interesting not so much on account of its absolute scientific importance as from its testimony to Goethe's

* *Bank und Valuta in Oesterreich-Ungarn 1862-1873*. Von Joseph Neuwirth. Bde. 1, 2. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Papstwahl und Kaiserthum. Eine historische Studie aus dem Staats- und Kirchenrecht*. Von Ottokar Lorenz. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Staat und die Bischofswahlen in Deutschland*. Mit Actenstücken. Von Emil Friedberg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Das Leben eines ehemaligen römisch-katholischen Priesters*. Von K. A. Freiherrn von Reichlin-Meldegg. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ein Jugendleben*. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Meinardus. Bd. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Neue Mittheilungen aus J. W. von Goethe's handschriftlichen Nachlässen*. Th. 1. Goethe's naturwissenschaftliche Correspondenz. Herausgegeben von F. T. Bratranek. 2 The. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

intellectual supremacy, and the profound homage paid to him even by those whose special knowledge was greatly in advance of his own. Blumenbach's letters are perhaps the most characteristic; Martius diverges into literary and social criticism, and sketches the Brazilians unfavourably under both points of view; some of the least-known men, presumably having the most leisure, write at the greatest length. The editor has prefixed an able essay on Goethe's character as a man of science, discussing the positive value of his achievements in this department, and more particularly the manifestation of the scientific intellect in his poetry.

The renown of Liebig * will secure attention to a reprint of his essays and addresses on public occasions, although the most important, those treating of agricultural subjects, are admitted by the editor to be in some degree antiquated. This, however, is simply due to the improvements advocated in them having already been to a considerable extent carried into effect; their loss in immediate importance is therefore largely compensated by their interest as memorials of Liebig's great reform. Some chemical essays and addresses on public occasions are less striking, but an enduring interest attaches to Liebig's attack on the scientific reputation of Bacon, which originally appeared in an English periodical. It was warmly impugned in the assailant's own country, and the necessity of vindicating his position compelled him to add a series of postscripts. The sum of his censure seems to be that Bacon did not attach sufficient value to experimental research—a criticism most natural in a chemist, but which, if established to the full, will hardly be thought to detract very seriously from the fame of Bacon.

The recognition of the unity of the human race in its most literal sense implies the admission that the species, and consequently language, must have originated at some definite point of time and place. The endeavour to ascertain this cannot accordingly be in itself discouraged as unscientific; the fatality hitherto attaching to all such attempts is perhaps rather an argument of some unsoundness in the doctrine. Any shade of ridicule appertaining to such investigations will hardly be mitigated by the consideration of the latest of them, the ingenious theory of Dr. Leo Reinisch †, who brings the human race out of the heart of Africa. Dr. Reinisch's arguments, so far as they appear in his present work, are philological, although he is prepared to maintain his theory upon other grounds. It was suggested to him by his researches into the ancient Egyptian language, which appeared to him to manifest equal affinity to the African idioms on the one hand and to the Semitic on the other. Instead of resorting to the customary hypothesis of Semitic influence upon an original African groundwork of speech, he preferred to regard the Egyptian as a transitional form, the Semitic as a development, and the other languages of the Old World as yet further removes from their sable original. The idiom by which, according to him, primitive speech is at present most accurately represented is the Teda or Tibboo (Libyan?), a dialect spoken in the oases of the great African Desert. This accordingly he assumes as the standard of comparison. It is by no means improbable that his laborious investigations may actually cast some light on the affinities of the African languages; the endeavour to detect analogies between these and the Aryan and Semitic families is evidently premature in the present state of our knowledge, and, if ever worth making, must be undertaken in a much more scientific spirit than Dr. Reinisch's. Most of the affinities which he tries to establish are purely fanciful, and the remainder are in general merely onomatopoeic.

African philology and kindred subjects will, it may be hoped, be much promoted by the labours of the German Society for the Exploration of Equatorial Africa ‡, whose transactions are now in course of publication. The first numbers are principally occupied with the explorations of Dr. Bastian and Dr. Paul Güssfeldt, the former of whom returned last winter from Lower Guinea, where he had been joined by the latter in the autumn. Dr. Güssfeldt's contemplated journey to the interior had to be delayed until this year in consequence of the loss of his scientific apparatus in the steamer which took him out; he appears, however, to have made several interesting short expeditions during the winter, and to be now provided with everything needful for more extensive operations. The tone of his communications impresses us very favourably, and there seems good reason to hope that his exertions will result in a substantial addition to our knowledge of the almost unexplored region of Africa selected by him.

The history of Ephesus § has supplied Professor Curtius with material for a very agreeable lecture; which should, however, have embraced the story of the recent discovery of the temple by Mr. Wood, and of the revolution thus effected in previous theories respecting its site. The archaeological history of Ephesus is by far more interesting than the political. The work is accompanied by a restoration of the temple and engravings of medals and other objects relating to it, together with a plan of the city.

Switzerland has never been a favourite habitation of the arts; nevertheless Professor Rahn || finds ample material for a history of

Swiss art, even in its infancy. He begins with the Roman period, when the architecture and engineering of the conquerors co-existed for a time with the ornamental craft of the original Celtic population. In its Romanesque form Roman architecture survived far into the middle ages, and the most characteristically interesting of Swiss edifices belong to this style. The darkest period of the mediæval epoch was indeed in some respects the most favourable for Swiss architecture, for the very poverty and inaccessibility of the country favoured the erection of those monastic structures in which the spirit of the age found its most adequate expression. St. Gall was the principal of these; the elaborate plan for its construction in 830 is preserved in the Convent Library to this day, and is engraved in Professor Rahn's work. Its extent attests the great importance of the ecclesiastical element of society, and prepares us for the ensuing development of sacred art in the minor branches of calligraphy and miniature painting, which were successfully cultivated in Switzerland at a somewhat later date. Later still cathedrals and churches began to arise in the Romanesque style, of which Constance is perhaps the most remarkable example. Professor Rahn's first volume concludes with the middle of the twelfth century, since which period, at least until very recently, the political and ecclesiastical circumstances of Switzerland will probably be found to have been unfavourable to the exercise of art on any extensive scale.

Herr Felix Calm's essay on Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" * is composed with especial reference to the proposed representation of this colossal tetralogy. The difficulties, æsthetic and material, appear so serious to the writer that he proposes a simple performance of the music in the concert-room in the first instance, with the view of raising public enthusiasm to the requisite pitch. His criticism rather considers Wagner from the dramatic than the musical point of view; a circumstance favourable to both parties, as a composer's technical merits or demerits cannot easily be made clear upon paper, while it only needs such an analysis of the text of the "Nibelungen" as is here presented to convince any unprejudiced person of the author's high rank as a dramatist.

R. Benedix's recent attack on Shakspeare has met with a sharp retort from Ludwig Noiré †, who has no difficulty in exposing the exceeding silliness of Benedix's cavils at particular passages, the gratuitousness of his pretended vindication of Goethe and Schiller at Shakspeare's expense, and his cardinal error in applying maxims suitable enough for a clever playwright to the greatest poet of the world. At the same time it must be admitted that Benedix's long experience of the stage has enabled him to offer hints not unworthy of the attention of poetical dramatists who aspire to the honours of actual representation, and that his work is on that account deserving of something better than the unmitigated contempt with which it is treated by Herr Noiré.

"Great Busekow" ‡ is not a novel of any considerable literary pretensions, but it is full of variety, and not devoid of humour. It is a story of the time of Napoleon's wars, beginning with a pleasing picture of village life, the tranquillity of which is grievously interrupted by the battle of Jena and its consequences. Fortunately the novel, being in four volumes, lasts long enough for the dispensation of poetical justice six years afterwards.

* *Richard Wagner's Ring des Nibelungen.* Von Felix Calm. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Zwölf Briefe eines Shakspearomanen.* Von L. Noiré. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Gross Busekow. Humoristischer Kriegs-Roman.* Von A. von Winterfeld. 4 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

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* *Reden und Abhandlungen.* Von Justus von Liebig. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der einheitliche Ursprung der Sprachen der alten Welt.* Von Leo Reinisch. Bd. 1. Wien: Braumüller. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Correspondenzblatt der Afrikanischen Gesellschaft.* Herausgegeben von Dr. W. Koser. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ephesos. Ein Vortrag.* Von Ernst Curtius. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Geschichte der bildenden Künste in der Schweiz.* Von Dr. J. R. Rahn. Bd. 1. Zürich: Staub. London: Williams & Norgate.